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VOL. 52 NO. 5

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INSIDE INFORMATION

Journalist Gwen Robyns (page 50) has been twice round the world in the last five years. One claim to fame—being first casualty (7 a.m. sprained ankle) at the Coronation

Ex-court reporter Arthur W. Jacobs (page 46) watched Lord Goddard at work from the Old Bailey press bench. Jacobs, 38, calls himself "a good hack"—Fleet Street term for a good all-rounder

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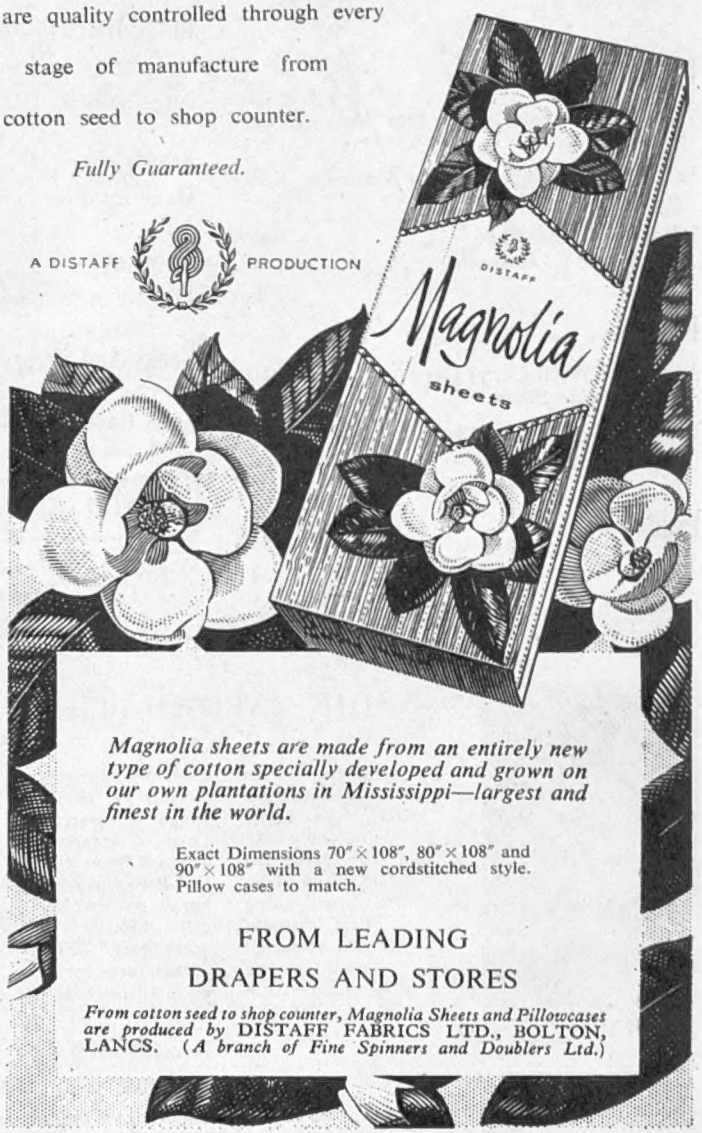

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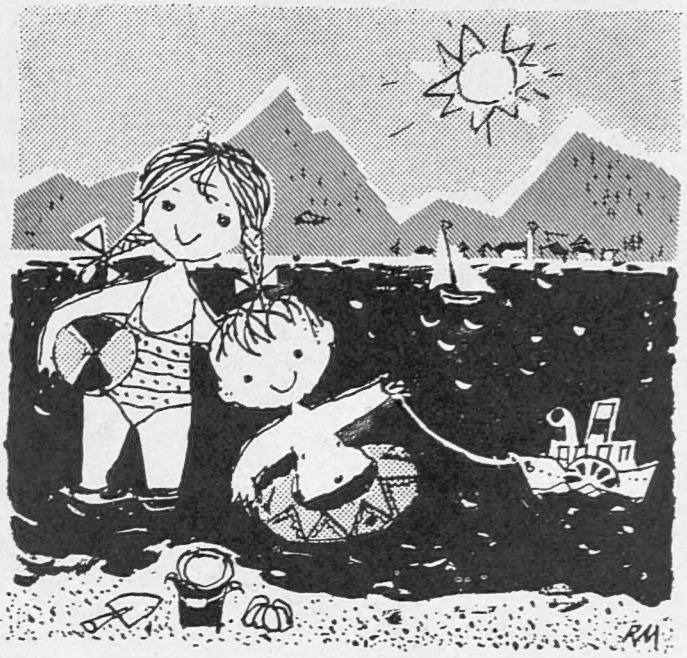

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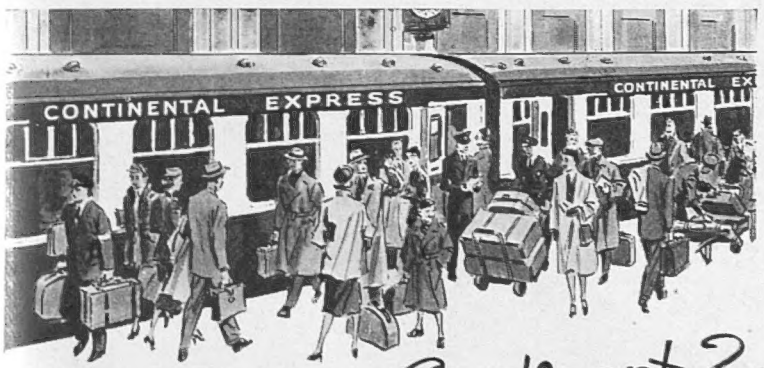

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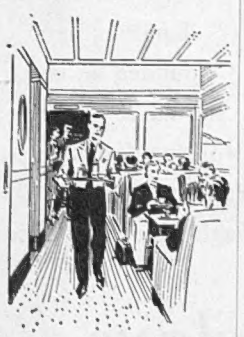

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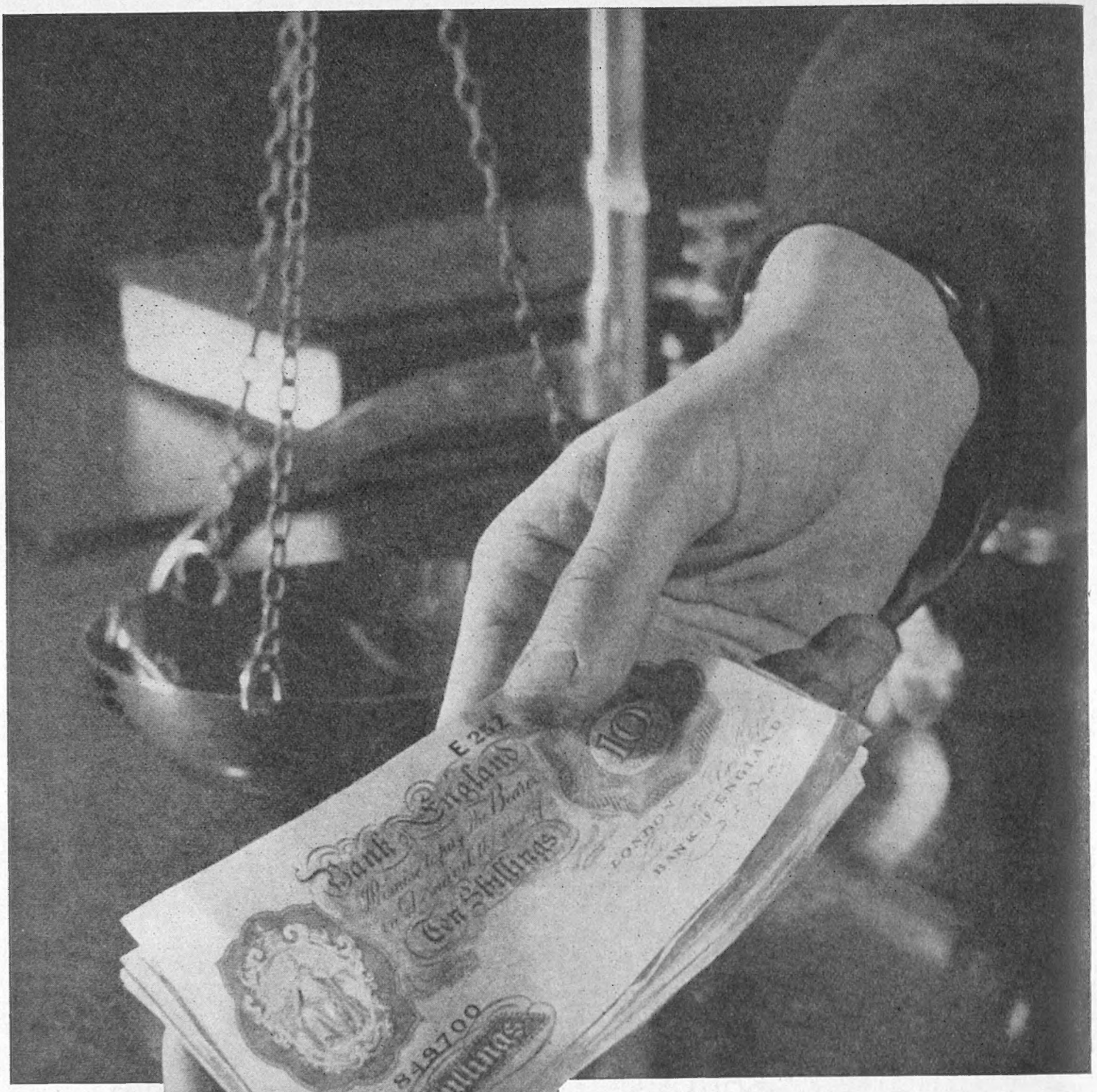

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YOU and your money

A special inquiry into the ever-emptying purse, conducted by Jean Houseden, Eve's home finance editor

- *How much rent can I afford?—"The economists say not more than one-sixth of your income"*
- *Is it really worth saving to-day?—"Yes—I say the value of money will go up in 1956"*
- *Am I paying too much income tax?—"Many people do—particularly professional men"*

MEN may make money but it is women who have to spend it. And women who usually have to save it—if they can. Can anyone save money these difficult days, and is it really worth while when its value always seems to be going down?

On a short-term basis money may rise in value, but over longer periods it always does go down. It goes down in this country less than most. The pound is still worth about half what it was before the second world war, and perhaps a quarter of what it was worth before the First.

But there are periods in which the value of money goes up, and we are probably at the beginning of one such period now.

Wages in future are hardly likely to go up at the rate of the past five years. Yet prices may fall—as a result of mass production. But *how* to save? The only possible way is to make money go further. And that means using it more wisely.

Consider the folly of unimaginative saving. Anyone who had saved £1000 before the last war and had done nothing with it would now have something like £500 or less at pre-war rates. If it had been saved in gold it would be worth about £1,000—in some industrial securities a little more.

BUT if, in 1939, that £1000 had been spent on carpets which were sold in 1945 and the proceeds invested in companies now manufacturing, say, television sets, it might now be worth double or more.

This is an extreme example, and an example of wisdom after the event. But unimaginative saving can, in theory, be almost as foolish as speculation.

And money can vary in value, not only in time but in place. That is why cost-of-living allowances (which are seldom large enough) are sometimes paid to people who work in London. For although, for certain (*Continued on page 62*)

WHAT *IS* HAPPENING

How *can* a girl shine, faced with competition like this? The man is television actor Alan Wheatley—perhaps he needs all those pockets (there are four) for scripts

I am getting rather tired of fancy tailoring. Tell me, don't they make those good, old-fashioned males any more?

by ANGELA BEST

REMEMBER when a man in bright-hued waistcoat, trousers just a little bit narrow at the ankles, or with longish hair, was cause to halt and stare? Now we don't even pause.

There is nothing startling in hair not only long but trained into quiffs or "ducks' tails" at the back. A bright waistcoat needs neon buttons to merit a second glance. And the suit that once had trouser-legs just slightly narrowed, now sports lapels here, cuffs there and vents all over the place.

The Fancy Gentleman's clothes are always moderate enough to be in fairly good taste. The cloth is good. The cut is excellent. The design may be faulted, but it doesn't nauseate. He is the man who wants to be a step ahead of fashion. And he can usually afford to do it well.

When it all started I thought it was fun. Well, at least it was good for a giggle or two. But the giggle is getting a little hollow. I just don't like the Fancy Gentleman.

I have never subscribed to the popular idea that a man is at his most attractive when he is most scruffy.

OTHER women may swoon at open-necked shirts, patched jackets and tousled hair, the smell of the cricket green or the hayrick. The "little boy lost" look has no message for me.

I like men who have not only found themselves but have also found a good tailor. And by a good tailor I mean one who firmly says: "I suppose, sir, you have a classic cut in mind. Yes, I think the steel-grey worsted is an excellent choice. . . ."

In other words, no fancy bits and bobs—please.

No one has ever denied that when an Englishman is well-tailored he cuts a very fine dash indeed. So why does he do it? Why does an otherwise conservative-minded man go berserk at the sight of an extra cuff or a velvet collar? Is it vanity? A wish for individuality? Or a revolt against drabness?

All men are vain. When you think you have plumbed all their vanities, you 're still finding new ones.

LET them be vain about their work, their looks, their voices in the bath, their taste in books, people or food, but surely it 's women's privilege to be vain about their clothes.

I don't care what the animal kingdom does. I know it is the peacock who preens his feathers. I know all the males have the more magnificent plumage, the brighter beaks, the bigger manes, the more glowing colours.

Maybe they can't woo their girl-friends any other way. But the human male can. I 'd sooner be won by a bunch of flowers or a box of chocolates than have a suitor turn up in an orange cravat.

This cut-down topper is a coaching hat. Very popular with our great-grandfathers, say the hatters. But I don't *want* to ride in a coach

TO OUR MEN?

Women do not whine for farthingales or crinolines, says Miss Best. So why this male urge to wear grandfather's clothes?

Every woman knows what an excellent foil to her own gay clothes is a companion who is sombrely dressed. What chance has she to shine if he turns up in the colours of the rainbow and so many tricky bits of tailoring? The result: she feels like something in a potato sack.

Vanity won't get him anywhere. A woman who wants to feel well-dressed will always choose a man who's sartorially content to melt into the background.

Perhaps he is really tired of drabness. Perhaps he wants to feel gay and colourful and eye-catching. Well, all I can say is, he should have lived in a different age. He could dress in velvet and satin if he still went to work in a sedan chair.

BUT this is a streamlined age. Women don't whine for crinolines or farthingales. Leisured living is now a once-upon-a-time thing. Instead it 's mostly hurrying for 'planes and buses or hustling for this and that.

Men can't go back to frills and wigs. So they shouldn't try to compromise with these little stabs at fancy dress. Let them dress their age—this age.

I can understand and sympathise with a desire for individuality. But how extraordinary to choose this way of capturing it! And if a man really wants to make his mark, why doesn't he build a better mouse-trap? We poor little uncreative things are the ones who have to flaunt our individuality in the cut of a dress. Surely HE can do better than that?

Experts in the world of men's fashion regard extreme styles with bleak eyes, I am pleased to report. I asked four top hairdressers what styles they advise at the moment.

(*Continued on page* 77)

Waiting for Watson? I hope so, for he need never, never wait for me. This Sherlock Holmes headgear is " very popular " with the bright young men at Oxford and Cambridge

Would you wait for him?

Tuesday the 27th.

Today was the day: 21 miserable years . . . and now he was free

by ROBERT STANDISH

THE morning of the last Tuesday in May, 1947, was a crucial one in the lives of Albert Simmonds, his wife Lucy and their daughter Carol. This was the last occasion on which they were destined to sit down to breakfast together as a united family in their pleasant little house.

Lucy Simmonds and Carol drank tea, Albert preferred coffee. The fact is unimportant for, during the twenty-one years Albert and Lucy had been married there had always been a teapot and a coffee-pot upon their breakfast table, just as on almost every other morning of that twenty-one years Lucy had made the same observation.

She now made it again. "I wish," she said, as though the thought had just occurred to her, "that coffee tasted as good as it smells. But it never does and that's why," she added triumphantly, "I am faithful to tea."

Carol, who was being married that day, was about to say something caustic when she remembered that in all human probability she had heard this observation for the last time. Instead, she waited for her father's time-worn riposte. She had not long to wait. "It would be a dull world, my dear," said Albert Simmonds thoughtfully, "if we all had the same tastes and ideas."

"I suppose it would," replied Lucy, relapsing into silence.

Albert Simmonds—Bert to his wife and intimates—was a small, dapper man, approaching his forty-fifth birthday. Lucy was three years younger. One of her chief pleasures in life was to be told that Carol and she were more like sisters than mother and daughter. Furthermore, it was true. Life had somehow bounced off Lucy Simmonds in much the same way as water is shed by a duck's plumage.

Bert Simmonds looked searchingly across the breakfast table at his wife, wondering in a detached way how he had been able to endure her fatuity for so long. Carol, and no less searchingly, looked at her parents, wondering how they had been able to endure each other for so long, and rejoicing in the knowledge that twenty-four hours hence she and Bill Chadwick would, as man and wife, be breakfasting together aboard ship somewhere in the Irish Sea en route for Canada.

Carol did not dislike her parents. Far from it. They had been unfailingly good to her. She escaped from the breakfast table with the valid excuse that, this being her wedding day, she had many things to do.

"Bert!" said Lucy after a long silence. "Do you think Carol will be happy with Bill?" (*Continued on page* 64)

Illustrated for "Eve" by Dion

The Grey legend of good luck began when she replaced Margot Fonteyn at a moment's notice. She was fifteen, untried and too tall

At home

by FREDDY BLOOM

BERYL GREY lives in a large, comfortable flat next door to Claridge's Hotel, in the West End of London. I went to see her, feeling rather subdued—there is something rather awe-inspiring about a person who is young, beautiful, world famous *and* who dances like fine music sounds. It seems almost inhuman to have attained so much, so quickly.

The drawing-room was not what I expected. It is, surprisingly, a solid, homely room with softly blending colours. Georgian and contemporary furniture mingle in happy harmony. The chairs are comfortable, there is an old, richly-polished upright piano.

Here was no sign of anything ostentatious or precious. No hint of a temperamental ballerina.

And there were practically no photographs. In fact, there was no sign whatsoever of personal vanity. It was a place where people lived, contentedly.

THEN Beryl Grey came in. She is lovely. Most ballerinas look beautiful on the stage. Everything is done to make them appear so. But Miss Grey had just driven her car through traffic jams from Covent Garden and she wore little or no make-up.

Casually she took off her hat and flung it on a chair. It was a terra-cotta fuzzy pancake from Bergdorf Goodman, of New York. Her brown worsted frock with matching jacket could not have been more simple.

Her large brown eyes sparkled. Her skin had the smooth lustre of a tropical flower. The tall, slender body flowed into a chair. I no longer wondered about her success. It seemed only natural that the gods themselves should smile at so enchanting a creature.

In the next hour she spoke of many things and many people . . . always with enthusiasm and affection. Her approach to life is positive. She has no time for the bad, shoddy and unconstructive.

I doubt very much whether even those living closest to Beryl Grey ever see a nasty streak in her. There does not seem to be room for it; her life is too full.

Like many other English girls she began dancing when she was four. It was at a little school in Coulsdon, Surrey, and she continued there right through her school years taking all the usual dancing examinations. Quite consistently she won prizes, for she had natural talent.

"IT 'S important to have talent. All the hard work in the world is wasted unless there is natural talent."

What else? "Talent, work and fate. A person cannot reach a goal unless he was meant to get there. We take the first bus that comes along, but it was pre-ordained which bus that will be. Then it 's up to us to see how we behave in it."

That attitude explained, at least in part, her lack of conceit. She works hard but honestly; does not believe that her achievements are the results of her own efforts. "I am very lucky," she said more than once.

In attributing so much of her success to luck Miss Grey was not modestly disparaging herself but facing facts. She *has* been extremely lucky right from the beginning.

HER first dancing teacher not only gave her a good basic training, but also took a great personal interest in her and her work.

Beryl Grey's parents were at that time more concerned with being good parents than with being parents of a good dancer. They gave their child every encouragement—but it was the dancing teacher who secretly arranged an audition with the Sadler's Wells School and then proudly presented Mr. and Mrs. Groom with the news that she had passed.

It put them in rather a quandary. Their child was only nine. Entering the ballet school definitely closed the doors on all general education and the easy life.

Part of her collection of glass swans. Some were bought during her travels; many were sent by admirers from all over the world

" Millions know her as a prima ballerina . . . I wanted to meet the real woman—to me it seemed almost inhuman to have attained so much, so quickly "

with Beryl Grey

New now, after one performance these slippers will be worn out. Miss Grey gives them to admirers at the stage door

Even at home in her large West End flat the urge to dance is seldom far away. Partner here is her son, two-year-old Ingvar

They left the choice to her. There was no hesitation : she joined the world-famous school.

During the years that followed, there was only one adverse criticism : she had a tendency to overwork. This tendency still remains and once again is not based on undue humility but on hard common sense.

Though she considers herself lucky, she has never allowed herself to rely on that luck or, for that matter, on anything else except her own endeavours.

WHAT help comes from others or from fate is gratefully accepted ; it won't, however, perfect *fouettes*. Work will ! She happens to like work.

That is why she was ready, at fifteen, to take over Margot Fonteyn's part at a moment's notice. Normally she would not have had the chance—but both Fonteyn's understudies had 'flu.

Since then Beryl Grey has collected glowing reports all over the world. Says Ram Gopal : " Watching her as Aurora is like looking at a gloriously serene landscape from a high mountain."

John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, presented her with his " Tribute to Ballet."

If there has been any stumbling block in Beryl Grey's career it has probably been her height. (*Continued on page* 12)

MORE PICTURES

Ingvar's wrong note

The men in her life—husband Sven Svenson is an osteopath; son Ingvar a budding musician

Just listen to this—my very own concerto. Hope you notice that I am now using the black keys as well

This ballerina business is all right in its way—but where would Mummy be without us pianists?

Confidentially, Daddy and me are giving Mummy a baby grand for her birthday. You must come and hear me then

Continued from previous page

Long slender limbs add fluidity to a graceful body when that body is seen by itself.

It so happens that our tradition decrees that a tall woman dancing with a short man looks silly. Unfortunately, the majority of male dancers in this country have for some time been short.

Miss Grey is 5 ft. 6½ ins. tall and on her points considerably more than that. There have been times when she has had to decline certain roles because there was no suitable partner.

However, there are some long-legged male dancers: among them John Field. Watching them dance together is proof of the added elegance and grace that extra inches can bestow upon a *pas de deux*.

Does the Grey luck extend to her private life? She thinks so. On her first tour of America she met Sven Svenson, a good-looking young Swede who had studied medicine and was then specializing in osteopathy.

IT did not take them long to fall in love. They have now been married for more than six years. He takes her welfare and career as a serious responsibility and is her constant adviser.

And now there is Ingvar—a tow-headed moppet of two-and-a-bit. He breezed into the room and promptly put on the terra cotta Bergdorf Goodman model. Very becoming. Then he showed that since breakfast he had grown enough to reach the drawing-room bell.

Delightedly he pushed and pushed. Proudly his parents watched. Margaretta, the Swedish girl who looks after him and cooks for the family, answered the noisy summons and then shared the joy in Ingvar's latest achievement.

He pushed some more and Hazel, who divides secretarial duties between Sven Svenson and Beryl Grey, joined the group.

BERYL GREY smiled when I asked: "Is there anything left for you to want?"

"Oh yes. Always I want to dance better and better." And she added, "Also I'd love a baby grand piano. Maybe Sven will give me one for my birthday."

He shrugged his shoulders in the resigned fashion all the best husbands reserve for the best wives . . . even when they are prima ballerinas.

★ FREDDY BLOOM (her name really is Freddy) loves jewellery, furs, heavy perfumes and would adore to be glamorous.

Unfortunately she also loves children, animals, printer's ink and finding out what makes the wheels go round . . . all unglamorous preoccupations.

Born in New York of writing stock she has lived and worked all over the world. She spent most of the war as a Japanese prisoner in Singapore.

She is married to a Harley Street specialist, lives in Kensington, has two children—and "the fattest cat in London."

S-4663

EVENTS IN FASHION

Keep-cool fashion in the clothes you make yourself. Vogue Patterns cut with strict elegance to wear for all the most important events of summer 1956—exciting clothes that take the newest shapes, the newest fabrics

COOL COMPANIONS to make their debut at Ascot—a dark cotton caftan coat over a printed princess dress. If you're party-minded you'll make the dress in its sleeveless square-necked version over stiff petticoats. We chose a riotous floral print in sienna and black for the dress and made the coat in black piqué (lined to match the dress beneath). Fabric from Woollands. Dress and coat: Vogue Pattern S4663: 5s., bust sizes 30–36.

AN IMPORTANT PARTNERSHIP, and another version of the coat-and-dress idea opposite—this time an almost-tailored summer coat goes over a short-sleeved sheath for an important Charity Fête. To complement the partnership—companion designs in navy surah teaming two sizes of white dots. The pervasive Empire influence in fashion prompts the addition of a wide tucked cummerbund (finishing just below the bust). Our headline—a shallow Breton boater. Coat: Vogue Pattern 8759; bust sizes 30–38. Dress: Vogue Pattern 8756; bust sizes 28–36. Both 3s. 6d.

8759 and 8756

WIMBLEDON-WATCHING, and thinking of leisurely hours on the Centre Court we show a princess dress of cotton satin in a sun-splashed mixture of rose and peach. The dress buttons through the bodice and halfway down the flaring skirt; the high neckline ends in two points (to catch the sun, turn these points back in a deep V). White piqué makes the deep drum-hat—newsy shape that's not too view-obscuring for the rows behind! The cotton satin comes from Woollands, and the drum-hat from Dolores. The dress is Vogue Pattern 8784; 3s. 6d., bust sizes 30–38.

8784

SHIRTWAISTER IN ROMANTIC MOOD : if your summer budget runs to only one new dress, you couldn't make a better choice than Vogue Pattern 8827—a full-skirted shirtwaister that's appropriate to a score of occasions (including most of those we mention in this feature). A dress that's evocative of the Gibson Girl with its high white collar, wide cuffed sleeves and a spectrum of stripes on ice-crisp cotton. Vogue Pattern 8827, 3s. 6d., bust sizes 30–38

890

SUMMER'S IMPORTANT BALL—or perhaps an evening at Glyndebourne —merits the extravagance of an evening dress in the grand manner, the sumptuous splendour of a couture dress in heavy golden satin. The simple lines of the dress enjoy the unorthodox trimming of two vast cuffed pockets. A long stole of matching satin is lined in copper velvet. The dress and stole are Vogue Couturier Pattern 890 ; 7s. 6d. ; bust sizes, 30–36

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2. (Cheques should be made payable to Vogue Pattern Service). When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps, i.e. 32 in., 34 in., 36 in. etc.

***Fabric requirements** below for patterns in this issue are for size 34 in. bust only. Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below. Fabric widths on the market include 36 in., 42 in., 45 in., 48 in., and 54 in.*

No.	Price		Yds.	Width
8827	3s. 6d.	Full-skirted shirtwaister	8¾	35 in.
S-4663	5s. 0d.	Coat and square-necked dress . . Dress	5⅜	35 in.
		Coat	5⅜	39 in.
8759	3s. 6d.	Coat, side-slit . . Day-length	3⅞	54 in.
8756	3s. 6d.	Dress and cummerbund . . . . Dress	3⅛	35 in.
		Cummerbund	1	39 in.
8784	3s. 6d.	Short-sleeved dress . .	5½	35 in.
890	7s. 6d.	Full-skirted evening dress and stole (additional fabric needed to line stole) . .	10⅛	39 in.

B

Summer night beauty is a conspiracy between a sun-kissed skin, sparkling artificial light and a make-up subtly adapted to both

HAVE YOU A BEAUTY QUESTION?

So your complexion isn't perfect, your hair won't behave, your figure doesn't fit your idea of perfection . . . if you have any beauty bother, or if you want news of the latest in cosmetics, hair styles or diets, do let me help you. Write to me at BRITANNIA AND EVE, Ingram House, 196 Strand, London, W.C.2—and please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.—*Nan Rivers.*

Your problems are our business . . . Write to Eve's

eauty after dusk...

In the half light of summer dusk,
the sparkle of restaurant lights,
the muted radiance of lamplit parties—
an evening make-up must
have its own glow

by NAN RIVERS

THESE Summer evenings bring delightful dates—intimate little dinners, perhaps by candle light; cocktail parties in rooms thrown open to cool terraces. Sometimes dancing out of doors.

Lovely-to-wear, pale, flimsy party dresses challenge us to sit down at the dressing-table and plan a make-up that will lift the face out of every-dayness into nightfall beauty.

But remember that most evenings you will dress by daylight. So it's important to bear in mind the subtle change that artificial lighting brings to make-up.

It is much more yellow than daylight—and so rachel or ivory-toned cosmetics become much *too* yellow. It also fades the colour out of any shade of lipstick. Pinks grow pallid; light coral tones—so fresh by daylight—become wishy-washy.

For evening wear choose pink-toned foundation and face powder rather than creamy shades. You will find them in Atkinson's newest, light-but-covering foundation cream and powder, due in the shops later this month.

Specially made to kill the "yellow look" and bring out a youthful pinky tinge, the cream also helps to soften and re-condition the complexion.

It is made in four delicate shades, "Peach Rose," "Softest Rose," "Rose Rachel," and "Honey Rose." And there are six powder tones—"Naturelle," "Peach Rose," "Softest Rose," "Sun Glint," "Honey Rose" and "Spanish Gold"—a true, richly brown sun-tan.

USE with this new pink-toned make-up a rosy rouge—"First Blush" (in easy to apply powder form) or the cream colour "Pink Opal."

For lipstick clear, *positive* colours are needed—like the vivid new "Pink Jig" or the ripe crimson of "Wild Peony."

Don't be nervous of using eye make-up more boldly. You are quite safe, for the effect is less obvious than by daylight. Remember, too, that bright artificial lighting makes the eyes look smaller and less well defined, especially if your brows and lashes are naturally fair.

Feel inspired to try another kind of new make-up—the pale and romantic effect? French and American women are mad about it, and certainly it is the most striking innovation that face-fashion has brought forth for years.

The effect is magnolia pale—even to the lips. But eyebrows and the eyes themselves are darkly defined and shadowed with cosmetics to appear enormous.

Appealing? Yes—if you can get away with it! It best suits young, neat little faces with naturally fair complexions.

You will need a good skin covering foundation, such as the new fluid "Hi-Fi" in the "Fair Tone" shade. This gives the skin a mat, magnolia-petal finish.

Add to it harmonizing powder (amber shade), black mascara, the new dark grey brow pencil which is less harsh than black, and lid shadow matching the colour of your eyes.

Complete the make-up with "Roman Pink" lipstick applied over a covering of "Erase" (a make-up stick for concealing blemishes) to get a pale but positive effect.

THESE Hi-Fi preparations were formulated especially for colour television, and are based on a completely new cosmetic colour concept that gives the skin a lovely luminescence. They are so fine-textured that their effect is never artificial, so long as they are applied sparingly.

One of the problems of Summer is that a low cut evening dress may expose a patch of still-white skin when your face and shoulders are tanned.

If you are fair, use Hi-Fi foundation all over your neck, shoulders and bosom. If a tan suits you—and the dress you plan to wear is white or any colour that will complement a bronzed skin—well, give yourself a full-scale tan cosmetically.

There is a smooth cream—non-sticky and smudge-proof if well rubbed in—called Island Tan. Made by Leichner it looks as convincing as if you had just returned from the Riviera. It is even waterproof!

Give the mouth a firmer, more definite outline. Apply lipstick to the centres of the lips, then spread the colour outwards with a brush. More effective than brushing in the outline first.

A final point . . . test your make-up under artificial light before you go out. This is the only way of making certain that you have on just enough.

beauty consultant—she will be pleased to help you

It had seemed so simple when he suggested it—

to slip away for a weekend, to revive old memories

together. "Why. oh why, did I come here?" she wondered

by PETER de BASLEY

SHARON CONWAY was beautiful—even people who disliked her intensely had to admit that. Her features were perfect: oval face, deep amethyst eyes, pale golden hair that fell in casual waves over her forehead. There was only one thing missing: she had no heart.

Roger Maxwell had known it for years. But she had only to walk into a room and his pulse began to work overtime. He was quite aware that he was a fool—his friends told him so at regular intervals. Sharon had no time for him, or for any other man—she was an actress and wedded to her career.

He had known her for many years, ever since she had been in repertory at Seahaven and he had been a gauche young writer on the local paper. He had taken her out a lot in those days and had fallen in love with her.

That had been twenty years ago. Now they were both a success—he as a writer and she as one of the best known actresses on the screen. She could act, that was certain. To the most trite, ridiculous part she contrived to give a certain something that redeemed the whole film and gave it a *panache* that it would have lost without her.

They had not seen each other for well over a year. She had been away filming in the South of France, he had just returned to Britain after a sensational tour. Their meeting was arranged for them—for her company wanted her to star in a film version of his latest book, *Weep For Psyche*, a mammoth historical novel.

As he waited in one of London's best-known restaurants, he was unable to keep his eyes from the door. Her entrance was quite unspectacular. Her black dress was a model of simplicity, lightened only by the rope of pearls about her throat. A mink stole was carried carelessly over her arm.

"Roger, my dear, how nice to see you again."

"And you, Sharon, you have not changed at all since our last meeting."

She ordered carefully, choosing her dishes with thought, missing the exotic and the bizarre.

"I've read your book, I liked it very much. The part of Natalia seems to have been written for me. Was it?" She smiled at him.

"Shall we say that you inspired it?"

"There's only one thing wrong of course—all the way through the book you feel she loves none of the men in her life. They are just diversions to pass away the time——"

"Some women are like that, you know," he interposed quickly.

"Are they? I hadn't noticed. Every woman loves someone. She has to, otherwise she would cease to be a woman. With the exception of an obvious fault like that I'm rather flattered that you based your character on me."

Sharon looked at him quizzically. "Roger, do you really think I am like that woman?"

"Well, yes, I do. You've never loved anyone in your life, Sharon, you've dedicated yourself to your art and what has it brought you?"

"Success, money—a life such as I have always wanted."

"But don't you sometimes feel that in gaining them you have lost some of the simple things that used to give you pleasure in the old days? Do you remember how I used to listen to your lines up on top of the cliff and we would sit and watch the sea —and you could never get brown no matter how hard you tried?"

"Yes, I remember," she laughed. "They have to colour me with artificial sun-tan for stills when I'm supposed to be bathing!"

He caught at her hand across the table.

"Sharon, why can't we go back to Seahaven? Just to see if any of the magic is still there?"

She smiled, and did not remove her hand. "Do you really think it would work? I think we're both a little too old to try to rediscover the past."

"Do you? I don't! You're—let me see. . . ."

"Twenty-nine."

He let that pass. "Could you manage (*Continued on page 74*)

formance

Light where you want it,

as you want it—all designed for . . .

LIVING IN A

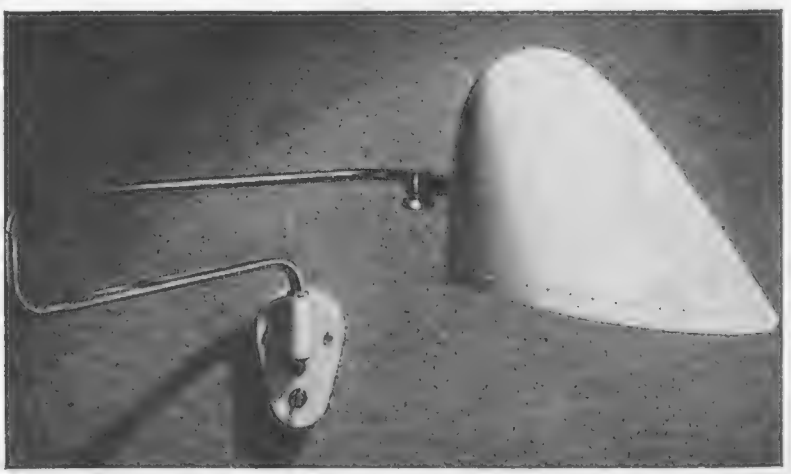
by JANE SCOTT

● *New season's lamps are easy on the eye. New, too, are pale pink bulbs that give a soft, Oh-so-flattering glow*

Three-headed lamp with flexible arms has shades in different colours to tone with the stand itself. It costs £15 15s. From John Lewis, London, W.1, and G. H. Lee, Liverpool

Equally at home in bedroom or sitting-room because of its orthodox shape, this table lamp has a parchment shade painted with gay Paris street scenes. The sloping tubular base is made of brass. It costs £4 5s. complete. From William Perring, High Street, Kensington, London, W.8

Reminiscent of a Chinese coolie hat, we chose this slender table lamp in citron—from a host of bright colours. £5 17s. 6d. complete. From Harrods, London, S.W.1

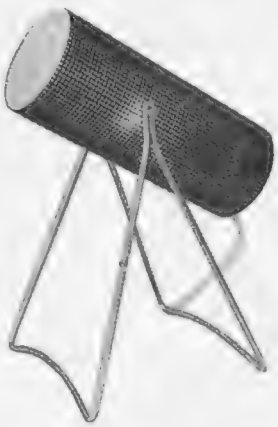


No more dark corners with this adjustable wall light. The reflector comes in off-white and four other standard colours. £5 10s. 3d. direct from Troughton & Young, The Lighting Centre, 143 Knightsbridge, S.W.1 and 46 Rodney Street, Liverpool

GOOD LIGHT

About the house...

For the kitchen. "Ventura" light fitting with a plastic diffuser that isn't a dust-trap and will not discolour. Price varies according to different type of suspension from £1 7s. 9d. to £1 17s. 7d. Direct from Merchant Adventurers, 43 Portland Road, London, W.11

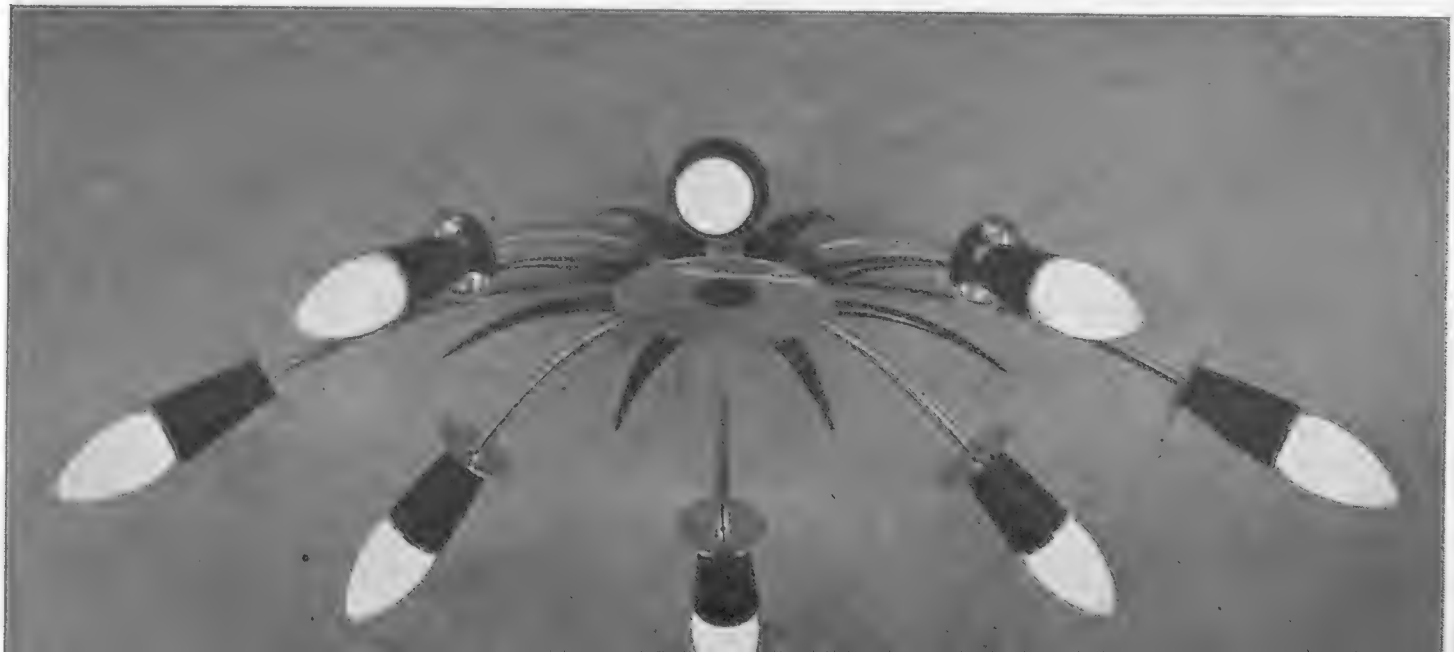


While others watch you can read with this "Homeshade" TV lamp. The perforated metal shade is available in black, yellow, red and white. £4 13s. For stockists write "Homeshade" 99 Baker Street, W.1.

In anodized aluminium, this bracket sends light *upwards* and *down*—glass plates underneath. About 5 gns. from Merchant Adventurers Ltd.,

Adjust the length to suit your room. G.E.C. fitting with a champagne-coloured buckram shade (other colours, too). £10 3s. 9d. Bentalls, Kingston, and Harrods, S.W.1

Anti-glare bulbs on this "Homeshade" fitting are specially treated to give good light without shadows. Polished brass with black lampholders. £21 5s. 9d., without bulbs. For stockists, write "Homeshade," 99 Baker Street, W.1



Two to knit on the

FOR HIM . . . *a chunky sweater smart enough for a holiday . . . tough enough for odd jobs around the house*

FOR HER . . . *a fashion-wise wide-necked sweater in poodle wool that can be knitted in two days*

MATERIALS. For the 37 to 39-in. chest size, 16 oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool; a pair of Nos. 4 and 7 needles. For the 40 to 42-in. chest size, 16 oz.; a pair of Nos. 3 and 6 needles. *Measurements:* For both sizes, length from shoulder 24½ ins., sleeve seam 20 ins. *Tension:* 3½ sts. on No. 3 needles and 4 sts. on No. 4 needles to 1 in. *Abbreviations:* K., knit; p., purl; st(s)., stitch(es); sl., slip; p.w., purlwise; tog., together; dec., decrease; inc., increase; p.s.s.o., pass sl. st. over; t.b.s., through back of sts.; w.fd., wool forward.

BACK

With finer needles, cast on 75 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 ins. Change to coarser needles and patt. thus:

1st row: P. 1, keep wool to front (thus forming a w.fd.), sl. 1, * k. 1, w.fd., sl. 1, p.w.; rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

2nd row: P. 1, * k. the w.fd. and sl.st. of previous row tog.; p. 1; rep. from * to end. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 15 ins.

Shape armholes: Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows. Continue straight until work measures 24½ ins.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows.

Back collar: Change to finer needles and work remaining sts. thus: K. 3, * work twice into next 2 sts., k. 1. Rep. from * ending k. 3 instead of k. 1.

2nd row: (K. 1, p. 1) to last st., k. 1.

3rd row: (P. 1, k. 1) to last st., p. 1.

Rep. last 2 rows for 6 ins.

Cast off in rib loosely.

FRONT

Work as for Back until armhole shapings are complete, then continue straight in patt. until work measures 18½ ins., finish after a wrong-side row.

Next row: Patt. 30 sts., work 2 tog., turn (leave remaining sts. on stitch-holder). Keeping continuity of patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every alternate row until 18 sts. remain. Continue straight until work measures 24½ ins., finish at shoulder edge.

Shape shoulder: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row, then 4 sts. at beg. of next alternate row.

Next row: Patt. to end. Cast off.

Return to sts. on stitch-holder, and patt. to armhole edge. Now work to match other side.

FRONT COLLAR

With finer needles and begin at left shoulder, pick up and k. 45 sts. to front, 1 st. from centre between sts. and 45 sts. to right shoulder.

Next row: (P. 1, k. 1) 21 times; p. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 1, p. 2 tog., t.b.s. (p. 1, k. 1) 21 times, p. 1.

Next row: (K. 1, p. 1) 21 times, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., rib to end. Keeping continuity of the rib, dec. 1 st. each side of centre st. on every row until 49 sts. remain. Continue straight for a further 5 ins. Cast off loosely in rib.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With finer needles, cast on 36 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 ins., inc. 1 st. at beg. of last row.

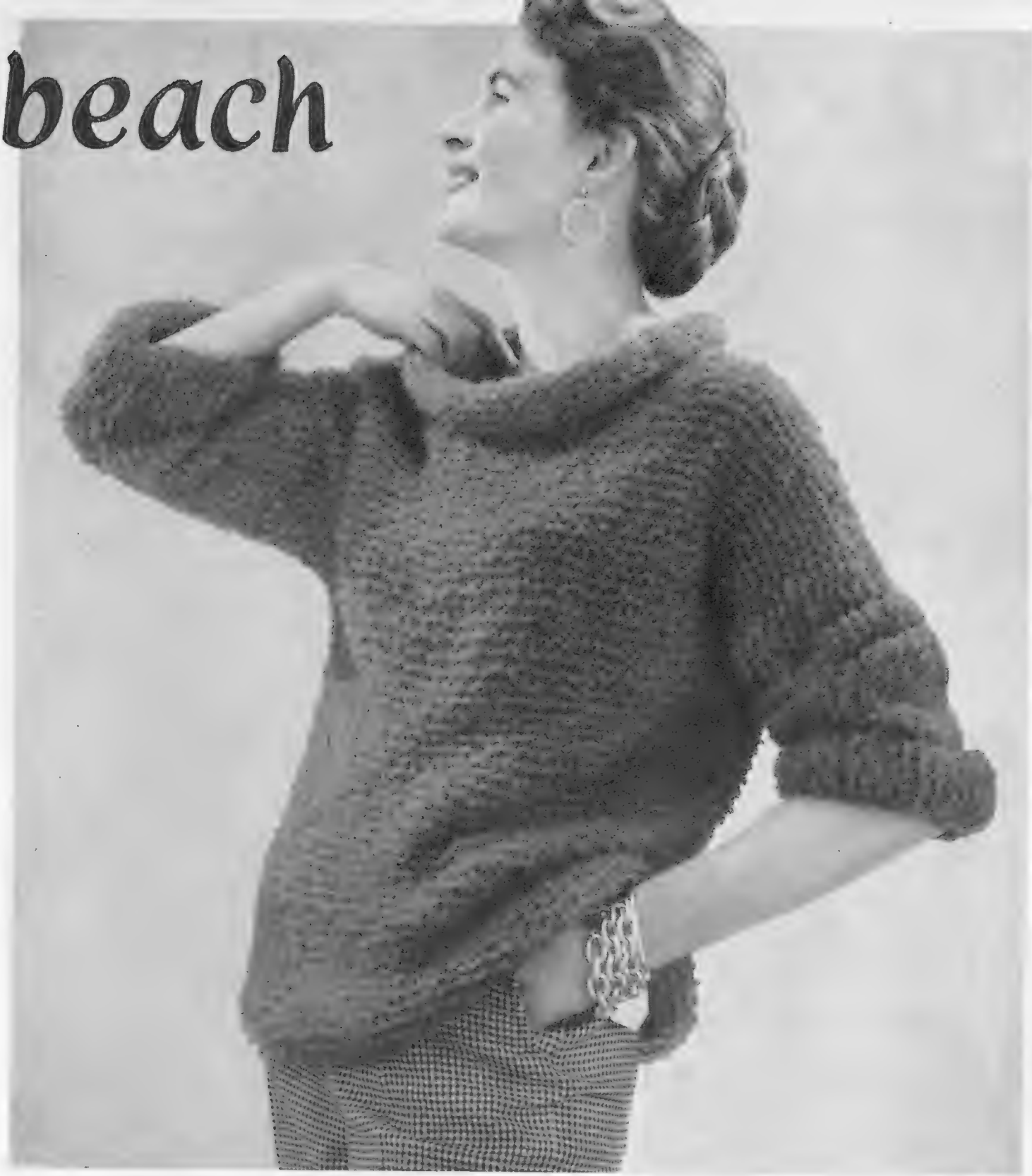
Change to coarser needles and continue in patt. as for back for 1 in., then inc. each end of next row and every following 6th row until there are 53 sts. Continue straight until sleeve measures 21½ ins.

Shape top: Dec. at each end of next 6 rows, then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew shoulders tog., matching the ribs. Sew up sides of collar, beg. from the top, the extra depth of front collar to be sewn to back shoulder. Sew up sleeve seams, leaving the top 1½ ins. open. (This is to be set into armhole slope). Sew up side seams and set in sleeves. Press seams. Turn over collar.

beach



MATERIALS. For the 33 to 35-in. bust size, 18 oz. of Lee Target Poodle Wool; a pair of Nos. 4 and 6 knitting needles. For the 36 to 38-in. bust size, 18 oz.; a pair each of Nos. 3 and 5 needles. *Measurements:* Length, both sizes, 24 ins. *Tension:* 3 sts. on No. 3 needles and 3½ sts. on No. 4 needles to 1 in. *Abbreviations:* St(s)., stitch(es); g.st., garter stitch, which is knit every row; inc., increase; tog., together; k., knit; ins., inches.

FRONT

With finer needles, cast on 58 sts. and work in g.st. for 6 ins. Change to coarser needles and continue in g.st. until work measures 14 ins.

Shape sleeves: Inc. both ends of next 5 rows, then cast on 12 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows and 25 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Continue straight until sleeves measure 6½ ins. at cuff edges.

Shape shoulders and neck: Cast off 18 sts., k. 54 (including st. on right-hand needle) turn, and work on these sts. only. Proceed thus:

1st row: K. 2 tog., k. to end.

2nd row: Cast off 18 sts., work to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

3rd row: K. 2 tog., k. to end.

4th row: Cast off 18 sts., k. to end.

5th row: K. Cast off.

Return to sts. left and k. next 22 sts., then slip them on to a spare needle for neck, k. to end.

Next row: Cast off 18 sts., work to neck edge, turn. Complete to match first side, begin at 1st row.

With coarser needles, pick up and k. 6 sts. down one side of neck, k. 22 sts. on spare needle, pick up and k. 6 sts. up other side of neck. Work on these 34 sts. in g.st. for 5 ins. Cast off loosely.

BACK

Work as for Front until sleeves measure 6½ ins. at cuff edges.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 18 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then 15 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Continue on remaining 28 sts. for 5 ins. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and under-sleeve seams. Join upper sleeve and shoulder seams. Join side seams of collar and turn over collar to right side.

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Picture by courtesy of "The Field"

A recent picture of Hurtmore Farm, near Godalming, the home of Elizabeth and Roy Hay where the lovely garden surrounding the sixteenth-century stone house is flaming with Spring colour

Come into the garden . . .

Look—it's

JUNE *already!*

● . . . and all the sprouting things of Summer are awaiting your attention outside

MAKE THE JOB EASY . . .

by ELIZABETH HAY

Neatening the grass edges is a back-breaking chore without this handy lightweight metal cutter. Standing squarely behind the implement you depress the cutter with an east to west rocking motion which enables you to tidy up the ragged edges with a minimum of effort

WHAT an exultant season in the garden this is. First comes May with its flowering trees—late fruit blossom, lilacs, laburnums, hawthorns and all the glory of Spring flowers in the beds and borders. Then June, with herbaceous borders spilling over with colour, arches and pergolas dripping with roses, all as yet still touched with a dawnlike freshness.

One longs to keep this immaculate look as long as possible and the best way, apart from hoeing between plants, weeding and removing dead flowers, is to keep pace with staking. This needs to be started before plants are full grown.

I use pea sticks round and among bushy herbaceous plants like oriental poppies and lupins, starting when the plants are eighteen inches to two feet high. These props are sufficient to keep them tidy in the early stages, though a stake and a tie may be necessary later on. Irises, delphiniums, gladioli and all the taller plants need individual stakes.

FOR standard roses and young trees or shrubs that need permanent staking there is a transparent perforated plastic strip with plastic studs to go through the perforations for joining purposes. You buy it by the yard. It is inexpensive, easy to handle, very durable and inconspicuous. It is, I think, a labour-saver well worth having.

Cutting off dead flowers and flower spikes not only keeps the border immaculate, but prolongs the flowering life of the plants. When I am trimming in a wide bed or border and stretching to reach flowers in the middle I use scissors that cut and hold the flower until it is safely to hand. This saves trampling on the border.

Now that risks of frost are past, formal beds and borders should be planted for their Summer display. Annuals need to be thinned to three or four inches apart. They may need further thinning later, but the initial thinning gives them a chance to make a bushy growth.

Plants on the rock garden and dry stone walls need thinning, too, when they have finishing flowering—arabis and aubrietias can be clipped back drastically with shears. Without this they make large, straggly clumps.

Watch out for greenfly and caterpillars on the roses this month, otherwise the first flowering may be ruined. We spray them with B.H.C. at the first sign of these pests. Roses benefit this month from a top dressing of a general fertilizer hoed in lightly around them.

THE long new growths of climbers and ramblers should be tied in, as they are easily broken by the wind. Those long thorny arms which reach out and pull your hair as you pass should remind you that they are getting out of hand.

Roses remind me of the sad tale of the formal rose garden we laid out last March. We had a sheltered out-of-the-way corner, bordered on two sides by the house, and on the third by a four-foot wall. Before this it was a small lawn, full of weeds, to which the mower had to be carried or clattered over paving stones. So, we laid it out in beds intersected with stone-paved paths, and proceeded to dig and prepare the beds for the roses. At a depth of ten inches we struck an even layer of bricks, then an iron grating which, when we uncovered and lifted it, revealed an underground room some ten feet by eight feet. Quite exciting, but the end of our rose garden. We planted it eventually with annual pinks and dianthus.

There is plenty waiting to be done in the vegetable garden just now. Tomatoes need planting out, each with its stake (they should never want for water) and there are side shoots to be pinched out.

WE make two sowings of runner beans because we love them so but we never seem to have enough stakes for both sowings, so now we grow them as bushes without stakes by pinching out the tips when they are two feet high.

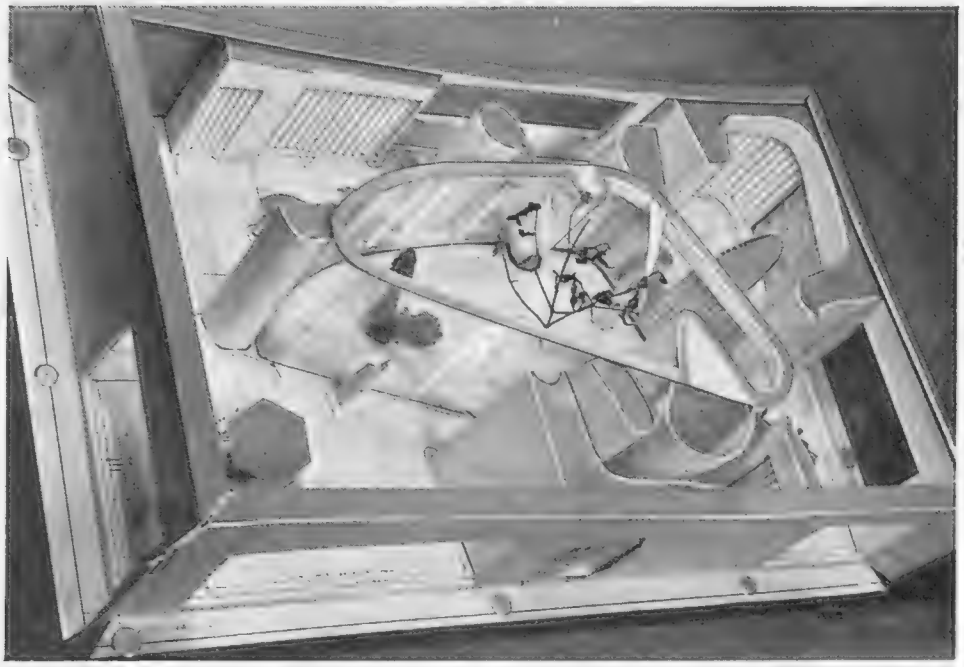
If you want a succession of peas, sow short rows at fortnightly intervals. This way you can enjoy them until October.

Overlapping crops of lettuce can be had, too, by fortnightly sowings. Make short rows because they bolt quickly in hot weather, when you most need them.

I have started a herb garden this year in a small way—I am not an adept in the use of herbs in cooking, but I intend to improve. Many of the ones I have were begged from my friends who cultivate them, but others such as basil, borage, chervil, parsley, marjoram and savory are sown annually from seed. Though I have been slack about it I know that no kitchen is complete without them for salads, drinks, as well as soups, stews and sauces. Earmark a small area when planning your garden this autumn. A herb garden, from the cook's point of view, should be near the house and can be an attractive garden feature in its own right as well as a splendid fillip to your cooking.

Call me a diehard—but if this is the ideal house of the future you can . . .

COUNT ME OUT!



We took the lid off for better viewing of this scale model of architects Alison and Peter Smithson's House of the Future. The glass enclosure in the centre is the garden. Around it, patio-wise, are the electrically heated, air-conditioned zones (not rooms) in which 1980 spartans can make themselves at home

A 1980 housewife having her plastic curls set in the dressing-room. And those are future fashions, not costumes for a fairy play. The room has cupboards, shelves and drawers screened by flexible folding doors curved to the rooms' contours. The niches are just niches

Smother your urge to shift the furniture around because the 1980 "island" bed is moulded to the floor. It is also electrically heated and the mattress and headrests are nylon-covered latex foam

THE woman with the paper carrier brimming with exhibition leaflets paused at the exit from the House of the Future and turned to her friend. "Daft, isn't it? Could anybody *live* in it?"

I wondered, too. I wandered again through the one-storey assemblage of rooms encircling a small garden and ended up in the kitchen. I knew it was the kitchen—there was an old-world foodmixer in it. Were we moving ahead or careering backwards?

The people to answer that were Alison and Peter Smithson, who designed it.

It was a Chelsea telephone number and while I waited for the ringing tone I pictured that fashionable conglomeration of architectural survivals and wondered how two *avant-garde* architects could find expression among the things that old-world Chelsea stands for.

I had got as far as picturing them in something approximate to space suits when a soft voice answered me. It was Mrs. Smithson—and the voice was accompanied by the unmistakable back-

ground music of a baby's cries. Somehow that put the whole thing on a more equal footing. The Smithsons' home and office turned out to be a gentle early Victorian terrace house, as innocent of streamline amenities as most Chelsea homes.

EVEN before the front door opened I had begun to take a more understanding view of that atomic kitchen at the Exhibition house.

"Are you serious about this house," I asked a few minutes later. "Would you expect people to live in it?"

Peter Smithson is immediately recognizable as a man with his eyes in front of him and not one to be caught out by heretical attacks from the rear.

"Completely serious," he said. "You could move into it right now.

Mrs. Smithson's eyes were wide with approval.

"But a little primitive, surely . . . ?" I suggested.

"Exactly," said Peter Smithson. "The cave-like quality, the flow of space is deliberate.

"THE house is Oriental in some respects. Stark, if you want to call it that. In another sense it is Pompeian. No outside windows. You get the sun in by building it at ground level. That dish shape is a suntrap."

I saw the point. It was a sparkling day outside but not a sunbeam had penetrated the undishlike Victorian gem in which we sat.

"Tell me, Mrs. Smithson," I said, "in a house that seems to provide nothing to do, no furniture to polish, no surfaces to clean, automation plus, what will the houseproud woman find to do?"

Mr. Smithson got in first again:

"The object of technology is to free you. As for being houseproud—once women were proud of a high polish on the furniture. Why shouldn't they be equally proud of having no furniture to polish?"

"Women like to feel useful," I said stubbornly. "What need is there for a housewife in an empty house . . . ?"

"What does the Japanese housewife do?" I couldn't think, except flirt a fan and sing "Three Little Maids From School."

"She devotes her energies to specific things," he countered. "She becomes an elaborate cook."

"But do people want it? Are they coming to you for houses like this?"

"Yes, more and more, but of course, it is an act of charity for an architect to design a truly modern small domestic dwelling. You have to do more drawings on a house than you do on a power station, and you have to give the housewife what she wants."

"Is that so difficult?"

"Well, husbands are more often prepared to accept your drawings. Wives complicate the issue."

"Does that mean that they don't often want what you want?"

"Well, we have had to design a house around a carpet," said Alison Smithson with a twinkle. They laughed together, happily resigned to the unprogressive nature of housewives. And this unprogressive housewife went off to admire a new washing machine.—*Winifred Lewis*

At the touch of a switch up pops the dining-table out of the living-room floor and out come the folding metal tube pogo chairs from another hide-out

The bath juts into the garden behind a glass wall and fills from the bottom at whatever temperature you fancy. If you are shy of impersonating a goldfish there is a curtain

Eve's £10 terrace

Planned for summer living,
this gay 20 ft. by 8 ft. terrace
takes only five Saturdays to build

Dine on it, laze on it—the Eve terrace is yours for life. The plan given here can be adapted to suit any size of garden, large or small

A PAVED terrace is an asset to any garden—and with this Eve plan it is one you can easily afford. Once laid it is yours for life—for dining, sunbathing and lazing on, and for the children to play on when the lawn is damp.

Quantities given here are for a terrace 20 ft. long and 8 ft. wide. Eight feet is the minimum recommended width—but you can make it longer or shorter to suit your garden.

Mixing the concrete is a chore for your husband or the odd-job man. As supervisor make sure you tell him to take it easy with the amount of water added to the cement-and-sand mixture. Sloppy cement is hard to handle, and has only half the strength of a stiff mix. For every four buckets given here he needs only half a bucket of water.

The 2 ft. by 2 ft. slabs can be left in their natural finish—but how much better they are coloured. I used Cementone yellow for my slabs, but there are half-a-dozen other colours, including tile red, Mortlake blue and grass green.

Now for the materials you will need. For a 20-ft. terrace order : six 1-cwt. bags of cement; 1½ cu. yd. of sand; two 10-lb. tins of cement colouring; 30 ft. of 2 in. by 2 in. timber.

The wood is used to make a simple frame with inside measurements of 10 ft. by 4 ft. Grease the woodwork well—thick car oil will do—and lay the frame on the garage floor or any other flat surface. A half-inch layer of tamped-down sand is then spread inside the frame—and you are ready for the hard work.

STEP ONE

For economy only the top half inch of the slabs is coloured, so the ordinary cement base is mixed first. For this you will need one full bag of cement mixed with sand at the rate of one bucket of cement to three buckets of sand.

Once they have been measured out, cement and sand are thoroughly mixed before the water is added. *Remember :* one half-bucket of water to every four buckets of mixture. Then mix again thoroughly and spread evenly over the frame. The surface of this one inch thick base should be left rough as a key for the coloured top.

STEP TWO

For the coloured top-layer of the slabs you will need half a bag of cement and 5 lb. of colouring powder. Cement and colouring are mixed together *before* the sand is added—using the same three-to-one mixture and the same amount of water as given before.

The coloured concrete is then spread across the frame. To get a smooth surface use a 5 ft. length of half-inch thick board. Holding the board on edge rest it across the frame—then "saw" it gently towards you, levelling as you go. To get a really smooth surface go over it again lightly with a wet trowel.

STEP THREE

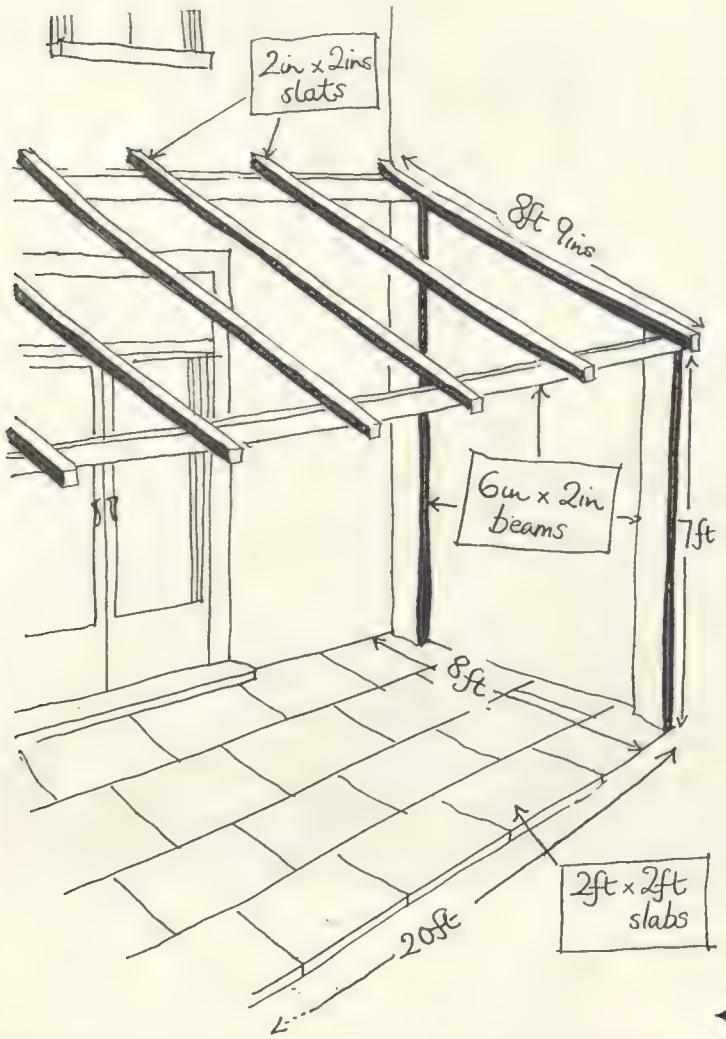
All the hard work is now over. Once the surface is smooth leave the cement to settle for two hours—now all you have to do is transform your 4 ft. by 10 ft. sheet of concrete into ten 2 ft. by 2 ft. slabs.

To do this cut gently across the frame at two-foot intervals with the point of your trowel and then down the centre. Use a piece of wood to get a straight edge and make sure the trowel goes right through the concrete to the sand beneath.

The concrete slabs are then left in the frame for a minimum of five days, lifted out on a spade and left to dry out completely. Using a 10 ft. by 4 ft. frame you will have enough slabs for the terrace in four weekends.

Cost? Under £5. So you have another £5 to buy wood for trellis work. I used secondhand timber from a demolished house, finished with emulsion paint.

To make the terrace, peg out your site and remove three to four inches of top soil. The slabs can then be bedded in cement or set on an inch or so of sand. Either way, if the terrace is against the wall of a house make certain that it slopes away, so that water can run off.—EVA MACKINSON



A simple framework of painted wood makes an ideal trellis for ramblers or flowering climbers

Illustrated for "Eve" by Jane Harvey

Clothes to give you that

Illustrated by Pamela Degil

Sharp, brilliant colours and simplicity of design add up to the best in under-the-sun play clothes. There is a gipsy vividness, a dramatic informality, about these Horrockses separates that ensures their rightness for beach or garden, or casual summer evening drinks. The flame-red linen skirt, with huge side pockets, buttons through in shiny black; the camisole top is zebra-striped in black and white. (Try, too, an extension of their range of usefulness: a black wool or cotton sweater, for instance, to formalize the skirt, or, for more casual occasions, narrow, jewel-coloured jeans teamed with the striped top.) The skirt costs £5 5s., camisole top £1 19s. 6d., both from Maryon, Knightsbridge; Thornton Varley, Hull

This slick-fitting Fantasie swimsuit in elastic batiste in pink, scarlet, gold, green, royal or black has an embroidered trail of leaves in black or white. Built-in, boned bra, back zip, and detachable halter neck strap. £5 10s. 6d. from Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Birmingham. Top dressing is Kleinert's strapless swim cap in yellow, ruffled and bowed with black or pink, or white trimmed with red or blue. 12s. 6d. from Harrods, Knightsbridge; Kendal Milne, Manchester. The odd skirt, lightly checked, by Carolyn Dresses in grey, peacock or green is flowered with roses, pretty and pink. £3 9s. 6d. from Debenham & Freebody, London; Copland & Lye, Glasgow

holiday air

Holiday clothes show the apotheosis of today's trend for interchangeable, mix-or-match separates—capsule wardrobes that pack into one small suitcase. This four-piece triumph by Continentals comprises black Riviera-short shorts, cut and cuffed on Italian lines, on or off-shoulder blouse with shirred, elasticized neckline, and two half-skirts, both button-belted. Combine these (there is a generous overlap) for a full-skirted dress, or wear one only for a morning on the beach. In blue/grey, green/tan, gold/black cotton, price £6 6s. from Fenwicks, Bond Street ; Saltmer's, Middlesbrough

Italian bravura in a side-slit cotton shirt, sprinkled with a white alphabet of letters on bright blues, reds, yellow and black. By London Pride, £3 19s. 6d. from John Lewis, Oxford Street ; John Walsh, Sheffield. Ian Peters make the tapering jersey trews in black or royal blue. These cost £1 17s. 11d. from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street ; John Yeo, Plymouth. For sea breezes, top them with the husky alternative of a classic, thick-knit sweater. In most colours, £3 12s. 6d. from The Scotch House, Knightsbridge

The latest in lingerie is

Sleep sweetly in the romantic flattery of Supalene's nightdress of ivory or peach Terylene milanese. The matching negligée cape in Terylene net (also in ivory trimmed with blue) is finely, permanently pleated, ties jabotwise in a froth of lace. The same makers show Terylene lace mesh panties with a deep-pleated leg frill and elasticized waist, in ivory, peach, blue, lilac or black. Nightie £5, cape £1 5s., panties £1 1s. from Marshall & Snelgrove, London; Kendal Milne, Manchester

Knee-length nightwear, cool and casual, has hopped the Atlantic with the same success as a Danny Kaye trip or the Canasta craze. Natural partner to the cropped nighties and pyjamas is a briefer dressing gown: witness Estrava's dashing shortie housecoat in crisp white cotton spotted and sashed with emerald. Other colours are basic pink spotted with white, and navy spotted white. A boon to the busy or lazy girl, this cotton needs little or no ironing. Price £4 14s. 6d. from Fenwicks, Bond Street; Blacks, Caithness

Illustrated by Pamela Degil

plain or fancy

Keystone describe Carioca (*right*) as a playjama—either briefest-ever shortie pyjamas, or a fine-weather playsuit. In red or blue white-spotted cotton, £1 7s. 11d. from Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly Circus; Gorrills of Penny Street, Lancaster. Beneath it, tailored sleekness in Taylor Woods' precision-built slip and pantie in heavy nylon jersey, ribbon-trimmed at bust and hem with nylon satin. In white or pink, slip £1 19s. 11d., pantie 17s. 6d., from Woollands, Knightsbridge; Jenners, Edinburgh. Flounces and flowers make Kayser Bondor's half-slip worth a hem-line peep. In stiff, crushless nylon parchment, gathered to a jersey hip yoke (perfect accompaniment to summer dresses); white with pink or blue embroidered roses, black with gold or red. £2 19s. 11d. from Chanelle, Knightsbridge; Bentalls, Kingston

Sitting

POLITICIANS have party lines. At the Riches we have party chairs—odd seats collected down the years that are brought out from dark corners when visitors overwhelm our modern suite.

Too lumpy to sit on comfortably—unless the victim was primed with a glass of our best madeira—they were too useful to throw away. Now our party pieces have been given a new lease of life. Re-upholstered with latex foam and resilient webbing, they compete in comfort with any other chair in the house.

The spring webbing—tough rubberised fabric—will not sag with years of hard wear. Latex, too, retains its resilience and is mothproof.

Both are very easy to fix. The webbing is held with tacks; calico tapes are glued to the latex and tacked to the frame. The covering can be any recommended upholstery fabric put directly on to the latex. When a fine fabric or plastic is used an undercover is necessary.

The joy of working with these materials is that the job can be done in the living-room, with very little mess and very little expense. No special tools are needed—just a hammer, large-headed upholstery tacks, kitchen scissors, tack-lifter, french chalk or talcum powder, a ball-point pen or tailor's chalk. Made by Pirelli, resilient webbing is sold in four sizes: 2¼ and 1½ in. for chair seats, and 1⅛ and ¾-in. for backs. It is usually interlaced—1 to 3 ins. apart—though single spacing is possible. One to three tacks are used on each strip, depending on its width.

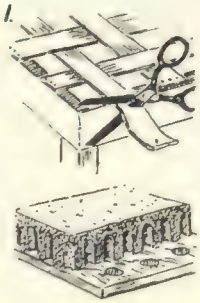
Latex foam cavity sheet, 1½ or 2 ins. thick, is used for deep upholstery effects. Plain sheet, ½ to 1 in. thick, is

Bore air-holes through the seat of this folding chair, and put on 2-in. latex foam (diag. 1). Use a cushion edge and tack tapes to sides (diag. 3). If the seat is a single piece of 3-ply wood, carry the tapes underneath (diag. 6). Cover with material. To fit round the pivot bar on which the seat turns, cut a Y-shaped slit and tuck the edges under (diag. 7). The back-rest is covered with 1-in. plain sheet, with edges rounded and taped. Cover material is carried round to join at the back

Right: Remove upholstery and cross-rails, except top and bottom ones and tacking strips. Trim carving at top of chair-back straight. Replace worn seat webbing with resilient webbing 1½ ins. wide. Use 1½-in. latex, tacking both tapes and fabric beneath frame (diag. 6). Cut plywood back to fit flush with cross-rails, leaving room for fabric at sides. Tape as for loose seat (6) and tack fabric at sides only. Screw plywood to cross-rails from behind. Bring loose ends of fabric behind and tack. Cover back

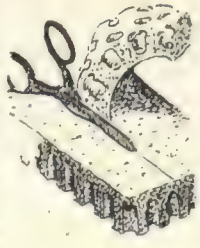
Before You Start

1.



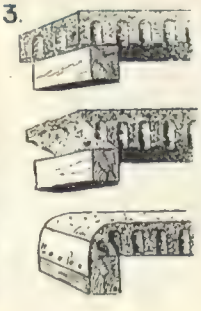
Pull resilient webbing to right tension, tack ¼ in. from end, cut off. Bore air-holes in solid base about 2 ins. apart for ventilation. Before cutting make a paper pattern

2.



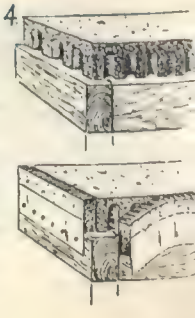
Mark round pattern with ball-point pen. Cut latex with straight, smooth walls. A moistened knife may be easier to use. For slanting edge, cut vertically, then trim

3.



CUSHIONED EDGE—projects ½ in. Leave vertical. FEATHERED EDGE—projects ½ in. Taper to 45 degs. Glue tape, pull down, tuck latex under and tack

4



Pretty

useful on very small surfaces, for a filler to round up cavity sheet and for reinforcing edges. Before buying, test latex with the palm of the hand for the degree of softness you want; it is made in various densities.

Cut out a paper pattern of the area to be covered in stiff paper, making allowances where necessary. Mark the pattern on the smooth side, using a ball-point pen.

After gluing the calico tape with rubber solution, dust on talcum powder to dry surplus adhesive.

When tacking tapes or cover, start in the centre and tack temporarily 2 to 3 ins. apart. See that the pull on the tapes is even when tacking finally, so that the edge of the foam has a smooth contour. Never use tacks twice. The covering fabric should be tight enough to compress the foam slightly without restricting its resilience.

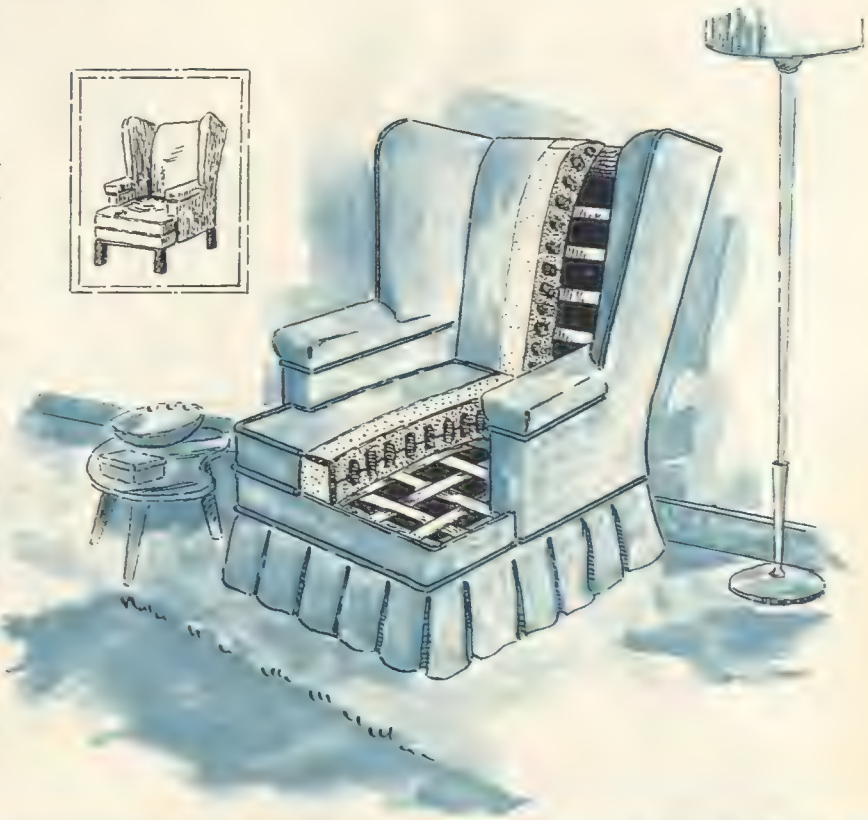
When using a plain sheet under a cavity sheet, apply adhesive lightly. The edges of a reversible cushion must be walled with 4-in. wide strips of ½-in. plain sheet by gluing.

A gay pallet cushion of 1-in. plain latex cut to the exact shape makes a wonderful difference to any old chair.

Here are four ways to transform very different chairs—each destined for the scrap-heap—into comfortable, pleasing ones, ready for many more years of service. If you have any queries please write to me.—BARBARA RICHES.

Bore air-holes in seat. If it dips in the centre, glue on a smaller piece of plain latex sheet under cavity sheet, which takes a square edge (diag. 4). Seat cover is in three sections—top, side and deep frill. Braid may be used to cover seams. Make a slit either side of the seat and frill from top to hem behind rear legs. Sew press-studs along these seams for easy removal. For the back, make a padded slip-on cover with draw-cord at bottom to tie behind seat

Strip seat and back. Tack 2½-in. resilient webbing interlaced 2-3 ins. apart on seat, and 1½-in. webbing on back, about 3 ins. apart horizontally. Make a reversible cushion of 2-in. latex for seat, with or without an inner section (8). The cover is cut ¼ in. smaller all round to allow for subsequent stretching. On the back, tape 2-in. latex flush with top cross-rail, bottom tacking-rail (8), and outer side of frame. The wing covering is unfixed at back for access to frame. Covering is tacked over tapes



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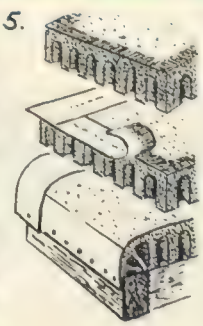
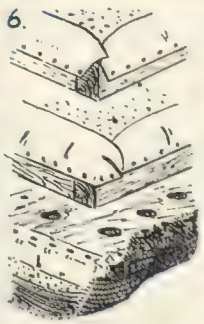


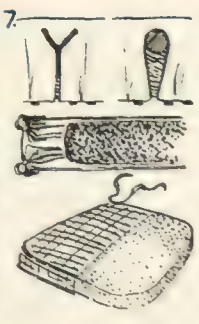
SQUARE EDGE—cut latex ½ in. from frame, glue ½ in. plain sheet on all sides, and overlap corners. Dust on talcum powder. Glue and tack tapes as in sketch

6.



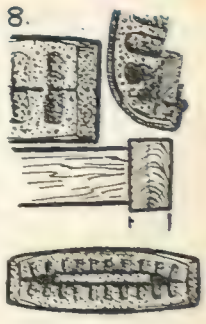
TAPES—glue half of tape and 1 in. of latex edge. When tacky, press tape on, pull down evenly so that latex has a smooth surface, touching frame. Tack

7.



CORNERS—trim tapes at edge of latex. For firmer corner, project one tape and mitre. With removable base, tapes and cover are both tacked on to the bottom

8.



Left: Y-slit in cover around folding chair bar; detail of pallet cushion and cover. *Right:* Tacking rail with position of tapes, fabric, and reversible cushion

Love
and

Marriage

Through the centuries poets and cynics have had their say on the greatest of human equations. But who has the answer?

NEVER make love to a woman without thinking what will happen if she returns it. *Michael Sadleir*

The only real argument for marriage is that it remains the best method for getting acquainted. *Heywood Brown*

Marriage is like paying an endless visit in your worst clothes. *J. B. Priestley*

The man who allows himself to be governed by his wife is neither himself nor his wife : he is nothing *Napoleon*

Marry by all means. If you get a good wife you will become very happy, if you get a bad one you will become a philosopher—and that is good for every man. *Socrates*

It's been said that an Arab would give up his wife rather than give up his camel. Personally, I haven't got a camel, but I think it's a great idea. *Groucho Marx*

"My first husband, Captain Johnson, used to thrash me regularly. He was a man. He was handsome, six foot three, and when he was drunk there was no holding him. I would be black and blue all over for days at a time. Oh, I cried when he died. I thought I should never get over it."
—Tiaré, in *The Moon and Sixpence.*
Somerset Maugham

Woman has served all these centuries as looking - glasses possessing the magic powers of reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size. *Virginia Woolf*

No two people are ever in love with each other to the same degree at the same time
Orson Welles

Love is the most terrible and also the most generous of the passions; it is the only one which includes in its dreams the happiness of someone else. *Karr*

When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. *Longfellow*

But *why* do you want to marry her?
Because I love her.
My dear fellow, that's an *excuse*—
not a reason. *Du Maurier*

This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes. *Thackeray*

The art of wooing,
I'm firmly resolved,
For men is terribly crude.
To be pursuing
Is not so involved
As having to be pursued. *Noel Coward*

Sylvia Thompson: two dogs, three daughters and four grandchildren help her to be her age—and like it ▶

The fifties are the finest years of your life, says this writer.

One of the pleasures?—

Knowing your own limitations!

IT'S FUN TO BE 50!

by Sylvia Thompson

I HAVE a great inheritance from my mother. She had it from hers. A *love of life*. This has nothing to do with whether you have a lucky or successful one. I know many dreary "lucky" people with financial security, good health, and nothing going wrong with them or their families. And I know "successful" people who are tense, boring or quite miserable.

Love of life is, I think, the only cake that you *can* eat and have! And it is just as big and delicious a cake at fifty. Indeed in youth, I think, it is apt to get mislaid among emotional confusions or painful crises.

At fifty I *know* what I enjoy. My knowledge is the more distinct because one of the first pleasures of age is to be able to scrap your failures and accept your limitations. It brings freedom from fusses or hopes about yourself.

What do I enjoy? First, I love waking up in the country. After endless ups and downs and moving round, we have a small Tudor house surrounded by fields and common. I have a room with white paint, rose-festooned wallpaper, white quilted curtains, a crimson carpet.

Often winter mornings are even lovelier than summer ones. When the trees are bare I can see a pink and saffron early sky on the horizon. I love the feel of the country and of being able to go out into the garden in my dressing-gown and have coffee there.

I LIKE my house. We arranged and furnished it slowly—and are still at it. It was old, dirty and damp when we moved in after a lot of war-moving ending with a few years in Chelsea. I hate Chelsea though it must have been a delicious village a hundred years ago.

The garden was also in disrepair. But here my husband is conjuring up a "demi-paradise." I love the garden for being lazy in, and blissful in, and having as many meals as possible out of doors.

In good summers we dine by sunset—sometimes with rugs round our knees to keep off the midges—but I love the winter evenings with wood fires and books, and sometimes Mozart or Isaiah Berlin or Peter Ustinov on the radio.

We live, as much as possible, as though London were five hundred miles off. Actually it is one hour away, and when there is something lovely or interesting to see, or hear, we can nip up to the theatre—and be back sniffing the country air again by midnight.

Apropos of sniffing, I dote on dogs. There is Kirsty, a border Collie and Prisca, an obstinate, affectionate but selfish Scottie. I *quite-like* the cats who are nameless and pervasive. They are both rather in love with my husband. He doesn't, as I do, suddenly toss them off beds or chairs.

Then?—I like my daughters. The youngest, Virginia-Rose, is fifteen, and at day school. A tall, slim, but not yet graceful figure, striding home through the trees at teatime dressed as only the English dress their schoolgirls, to minimize charm and discourage vanity.

I like to see her transformed in a scarlet woollen housecoat at dinner—by candlelight—or brown in summer cottons. I like knowing that she is filling up with the lovely, unique, English heritage of poetry and prose; and being redeemed, I hope, from facile thinking by her sterner studies of Latin and Greek.

And being helped to become a citizen of an old, rich, civilized Europe by learning French and German—and, I hope, Italian later. But *oh* I do hope too that she will somehow learn to sit up well—as our grandmothers did!

SIX years older than Virginia is much-travelled Elizabeth—now serving an industrious and far from glamorous apprenticeship in "rep."

Elizabeth comes home suddenly—and is gone again. When she is home her energy pours itself into jam making, or making so much wholemeal bread that I begin to dream of white flour.

I also like my grandchildren. But I do not brood over them. My eldest daughter, Rosemary, has four—nearly five children and lives far enough away for me to have pleasure and affection for them all, without side-stepping into "bossiness" and anxiety.

(An old French aunt, in her eighties now, said to me lately in connection with ruling the lives of one's children, and grandchildren: "*Les bons conseils ne plaisent qu'a ceux qui les donnent*" ("Good advice only pleases the people who give it!")

Susanna, now six, is the eldest, then come boy-twins of four – one blond, one dark, both full of charm and skilled in demolition. Then there is blond, wilful Nicky, aged two.

At Christmas I made a Nativity play for them all (out of old carols and poems) and Virginia, as presiding angel, did the reciting. The three little boys were rather unreliable Wise Men. One sat on his mother's knee, one arrived on his visit to the crib flourishing a bread knife, and the other refused to "go on" unless he could wear a skirt!

I love many things that fill up my ordinary days. Solitary walks with the dogs; reading, and now and again cooking special things, such as game-pies, chocolate cake and soufflés.

Shopping, too, in a certain village shop kept by an elderly

Scotsman who is an authority on Burns. Lunching, by myself, with a book; watching the sunset; idling—*lots* of idling about the house or garden.

I love reading "bits" of Dickensand Conrad to Virginia when she's done her "prep"; a good, light dinner at a table with candles lit; waking up and finding still another day, unless it is a having-to-go-to-London-day. . . .

Clothes?—I like tweeds, housecoats—and a London-or-Paris outfit. But I could happily sink into an old shawl and slippers or muddy old tweeds if it wasn't bad for my daughters.

It is difficult to remember with what zest I used to adore clothes—when I was making enough money—from Hartnell, from Schiaparelli and from Patou.

And there was the fun of nightclubs and parties. It *was* fun then. But not now! I do have an occasional party, and love to see my friends. But *not all the time*. Nor every day. Otherwise one's precious solitude is broken.

I like giving children's parties—easy for me after years of practice. And I like really adult parties, with people sitting down and talking a lot and eating well; not standing up and drinking—I feel that's for the young!

Then—lovely as it is to be at home—there's travel. We have cousins and aunts in France and Italy, so we have the luck to be caught into the real home life of each country.

Last autumn I took Virginia to stay with relations in the Loire. They have a little chateau—kept up by having P.G.s in summer and by living in one of its eighteenth-century corners in winter.

THEN we went on to Italy, to stay in the Venezia, in a Palladian villa decorated by Veronese. We came down to Venice often, to spend the day idling in a gondola or visiting. During such days Venice, like the magic of legend, made me forget home (and even the dogs!), forget everything except being so steeped in beauty.

But there is a solvent for this dangerous spell: foreigners who *do* renounce their own country and make their lives in beautiful places get changed into gossiping, rootless, fussy and discontented people, with little ailments, and no power to enjoy the very beauty that enslaved them!

When we were young we lived in Paris and New York and travelled constantly. Now I am glad I seldom travel.

To be home and find one's old skirt ready for walks; books, and a comfortable sofa; and the trees bare—that is the life.

Something is always happening; some small event like a birthday, a small-party, a "treat"—what a lovely English word.

There is the sudden fun of changing all the furniture round, or deciding that all the bedrooms must have new scented sachets in the drawers. Or there is a new book to be enjoyed—or an old one that quite suddenly looks so appetizing on its familiar shelf one can't wait to read it.

DO I enjoy writing? Y—yes—sometimes. It has never been "the thing I wanted to do." But it is satisfying and, sometimes, it is exciting as well.

It is a sobering, tethering sort of occupation. And certainly a few hours writing (though curiously tiring) prevents the day becoming too vague.

Liking life itself so much, I often wish I had real genius to celebrate.

Now for my dislikes. I don't like introverts (thinking about yourself is bound to make you either gloomy, or vain); I hate "respectability" which is a terrible deterrent to light-heartedness and zest.

And I mistrust the constant suggestion of the "importance of success." Modern publicity has quite blurred the *real* dividing line between doing-something-well for its-own-sake and being admired and famous. (Shakespeare had no publicity!)

To me one of the saddest and life-wasting facts of modern life is the constant suggestion to the young of a mysterious joy to be got from fame.

It *can* be very pleasing, certainly. But too often it causes nervous strain and, later, discontent. And meanwhile your own precious never-to-be-replaced days are going—going—*gone*. . . .

I am delighted at this moment with one other thing: finishing this article. How delicious the air smells out of doors! And Virginia will be home soon—and an amusing letter has come from X. . . . No more work today. . . .

> *. . . what wind-walks! What lovely behaviour*
> *Of silk-sacked cloud——*
> *. . . the dappled-damson west. . . .*

The older I get the more delicious I find air and light, scents, savours and colours. And—as E. V. Lucas once quoted, "*the more I like dogs.*" (But I don't like people *less*!)

END

BRITANNIA and

IN Eve

NEXT MONTH

Cast a critical eye over your house. Does this fine summer weather make it look shabby? Well, paint and paper are inexpensive—and next month we give you: 100 IDEAS FOR IMPROVING YOUR HOME, a feature every house-proud woman must read

SHE is known to millions as the foremost writer of romantic fiction. Now Barbara Cartland turns to FACTS—the frightening facts about BRITAIN'S UNWANTED WOMEN. Do not miss this candid feature—*an EVE exclusive*

Builder of palaces, defender of the front parlour, SIR ALBERT RICHARDSON is the arch-critic of the 20th century. Next month, in a startling interview, he tells for the first time: "What I told the King (and what he told me) . . . what the DUKE OF WINDSOR said about my first royal commission." *An EVE exclusive*

WHO plays at the Palace?

It's playtime at the palace. Along the red-carpeted corridors come shouts of "Tony . . . Chris . . . Marylin . . . David." WHO ARE THE CHILDREN WHO PLAY WITH PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE? Read about them next month—*an EVE exclusive*

"I tried to poison Julia once," he said. "But at the last minute I lost my nerve." A few weeks later he was dead

by FELIX KIVELL

AFTER a particularly bumpy trip from Cairo, I was not sorry to hear that we were to stay in Malta until the weather cleared up. With the other passengers I was driven into Valetta for a wash and brush up, and in the hotel dining-room I read the paper and relaxed.

Then someone called my name. Bearing down on me was Ambrose, as jovial as ever. We had been at school together, but were never exactly friends. I remembered him as a clever, wealthy, over-exuberant fellow, always getting himself into scrapes, and always getting out of them unscathed.

He pulled up a chair without being asked, so I could hardly avoid inviting him to have breakfast with me. He promptly ordered a giant meal beginning with orange juice and ending with coffee. I chose a more modest repast and asked for a large pot of tea and some toast.

Ambrose and his wife were going out to Brazil to grow coffee. They had come from Morocco the night before and were leaving for Rio via Rome, at noon. It appeared that his wife was not a hardy traveller and was taking the opportunity to get some rest.

Ambrose roared with laughter as he recalled the madder moments of our youth. It all seemed a very long time ago. He had read all my books and thought I must be making a packet. I laughed. I write detective stories for a living. A good writer if not a great one, I pride myself on the fact that I do very well out of it.

I FOUND Ambrose stimulating to talk to and was surprised to find I rather liked him. He was tremendously enthusiastic about Brazil, reeling off a string of facts and figures which had convinced him that there was a fortune waiting on the coffee trees of South America. He railed at me for having ordered tea.

"Sorry," I said, "but I simply don't drink coffee any more. I've gone off it."

Immediately I thought of David Barrington. I had never told the story to anyone before, but Ambrose and David had been great rivals at school. In fact he was quite keen on Julia before she married David.

"Shut up for five minutes, and promise not to make a single interruption and I will explain exactly why I don't drink coffee," I said. Good-naturedly, he relapsed into silence.

It started about three years back when I arrived home from the United States. David asked me down to Dolphins, the country cottage which he later left me in his will. He had been married about two years then, and I remember wondering if he would be changed after two years with a determined, ambitious woman like Julia.

David had always laughed at my success. He was also a writer—but he was a purist, a true artist. Julia was a culture vulture too.

David was exactly as he had always been. Kindly, intelligent, untidy, lazy, affectionate. Julia was as beautiful as ever—and as dominating. Guessing we had a lot to talk about, she left us with a bottle of brandy and went up to bed early.

Perhaps the warmth of the fire and the mood of contentment which settled on us induced us to drink too much, but anyway David wanted to talk. He said his stuff had not sold very well at first. But with the high-powered driving force of Julia behind him he would have to succeed in the end.

But there was no longer any joy in it for him. He felt he could not stand the pace much longer but dared not give up. Julia would never stand for that.

I was embarrassed. Why didn't he leave her if he felt that way? But David only shrugged. For the first time it struck me that Julia was not as happy as she pretended to be.

BY now David was drunk and he went rambling on. He said he had actually tried to poison her once, by putting salyphilene tablets in her tea. But as soon as she had complained of the bitter taste he had lost his nerve and thrown it down the sink. The idea of kind, gentle David poisoning his wife was very funny indeed. David poisoning Julia! I poured us each another drink.

I was getting into the spirit of the thing by this time. His choice of poison interested me professionally and I asked why he had chosen salyphilene—it leaves no trace and kills like a heart attack.

I thought he was wandering from the point (or had forgotten it) when he told me he had taken to writing fiction as a form of escape from his serious work. He rummaged among the litter on his desk and produced a dog-eared manuscript. It was a murder story, he said, in which a doctor poisoned his wife because he thought she was destroying his genius.

Poisons are my speciality. With drunken condescension I admitted that the plot was clever, but I pointed out that the drug could not be administered in tea for three highly complicated and technical reasons. I was about to explain these at some length when I noticed that David was sound asleep.

I took the manuscript back to town with me next day. It was not at all bad. I made the necessary corrections and sent it along to my agent. David was delighted when we heard a few months later that it had been accepted, but Julia was furious.

She rang me up and blamed me for the whole thing. She accused me of persuading David to (*Continued on page* 50)

Illustration by Brookshaw

"Personally, I would suspect the man's best friend," said Ambrose. "So would the police"

LORD GODDARD —THE IRON MAN

At 79 he believes in capital punishment and deplores the abolition of the birch

by ARTHUR W. JACOBS

Off—and on—the bench he shows a sense of humour

A MOTHER gasped at the back of the court and, as the tears came, she cried out: "You 're a hard man. . . ." An usher began to escort her hurriedly from the court.

The stern-faced judge whom she had dared to criticise passed an impatient hand across his face and said, "Wait there . . . bring her forward."

The woman was led before the most imposing judicial figure in Britain—the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard. We can only imagine her thoughts as she stood before him.

Lord Goddard had just sent her seventeen-year-old son to Borstal and bound over another youth for shopbreaking. But now he said: "Don't be afraid of me. Tell me why you say I have been hard."

The woman, calmed or overawed into composure, said that her son had been sentenced to Borstal training while the other youth, with a similar record, had been bound over.

Lord Goddard listened, elbows on the bench. He blew thoughtfully into his clasped hands—a habit he has. A second or two passed. Then he told a warder: "Put him up again." The youth was brought up from the cells.

The Lord Chief Justice then cancelled the Borstal sentence and bound the youth over.

IT was typical of a man who is feared and is fearless, who is hated and admired, who is severe yet understanding. He has heard countless eloquent pleas by counsel on behalf of convicted criminals. He has often heard women sob in court, for there is the grief of a woman in the background of most convictions.

Yet on this occasion, on nothing more than a simple statement by a mother, he reconsidered his own judgment. A lesser man would have rejected the opportunity.

But that is why Lord Goddard is considered to be one of the greatest L.C.J.s for a hundred years.

The office of Lord Chief Justice is often a political appointment. But Lord Goddard's only political activity was in 1929, when he came bottom of the poll at South Kensington as an Independent Conservative.

He came to the highest active legal job in 1946 when the crime wave was at its peak. Something had to be done. Lord Goddard knew what. He took crime by the scruff of the neck and shook it.

The shaking took the form of meting out real punishment for crime. It is, of course, an old-fashioned idea. It is reactionary and, some say, shows a lack of understanding of the real reason why many men turn from honesty. The reason, they claim, is because they need, but have not had, the benefit of the psychiatrist's couch.

Lord Goddard clings to the idea that they do it because crime looks more profitable than work.

HE has said: "Sentences ought to be passed which make it clear that crime does not pay."

And he was in a position to set an example.

He reminded criminals that an appeal court could increase as well as reduce a sentence. When impudent appeals against sentence came before him he did not hesitate to send prisoners back to longer terms in jail.

The news soon got around that the good old days were over. And the number of frivolous appeals dropped. The Court of Criminal Appeal was able to catch up on its waiting work.

Of one man who assaulted a policeman and asked for leave to appeal, Lord Goddard said: "If this young ruffian had received a sentence of less than five years, the court would certainly have given leave to appeal—so that the sentence could be increased."

Some people think that, ideally, a judge should be only a background figure in a trial—there to see the law is observed and to weigh up the case colourlessly for the jury to decide. There are such judges. Lord Goddard is not one of them.

HE has a personality that reaches beyond the bench. Its impact is felt by everyone in his court.

He is a short, thick-set man whose expression seems so often to be only half a wrinkle away from a scowl. But he does himself less than justice, for he has a keen sense of humour. And he does not look half so fierce without his wig.

In fact, to a young couple in Chelsea Square a year or two ago, he must have seemed a benevolently shady old gentleman until he told them who he was.

They were standing outside a house which a friend had lent them. But he had forgotten to give them the keys. As they stood wondering what to do, a white-haired old man came out from next door and asked what the trouble was.

"You want a piece of celluloid," he told them. He found a piece in his own house and, in best housebreaking style, he slipped the catch of the locked door.

BUT Lord Goddard is known best in his official rôle. Strictly on time—and he apologises if anything has delayed him—he enters his court.

He has a measured stride and his thick figure, twisting slightly, makes the heavy red and ermine robe swing. He settles himself in his massive chair, glances swiftly round the court and is ready for counsel to begin.

The son of a solicitor, his own legal career began when he was called to the Bar in 1899. He specialised in commercial cases and became a King's Counsel in 1923.

His rise to judge of the High Court in 1932 was by the conventional path of sound advocacy and proof of judicial capacity as Recorder of Poole, Bath and Plymouth. He was fifty-five.

He is kind to young barristers—sometimes inadequate before him. But he is impatient of pomposity or long-winded incompetence.

He can seethe on the bench to a critical temperature which stops just short of incandescence. Danger signs are a vigorous kneading of his face with one hand and an

(*Continued on page* 69)

For a criminal, the iron hand:
To a mother, compassionate

GERALD SPARROW, author of "Land of the Moonflower," spent 25 years in Asia as a lawyer and judge. Here he tells . . .

British bride—Indian bridegroom. Around their necks the couple wear garlands of bright flowers

the truth about the

FROM time to time, when a film actress marries an Indian potentate, we in Britain are apt to gain the impression that Eastern marriages are, above all, romantic. But what happens to the lady after she rides away to the Prince's palace? Is the future as rosy as it seems, with salaaming servants and a devoted consort?

The first thing to be done is to burst this colourful bubble. Eastern marriages are definitely less romantic, and much more practical than ours.

Let me explain. Between the ages of ten and fifteen, Eastern girls undergo what might be termed a five-year domestic plan. Their mothers, looking into the future with their dark, candid eyes, know that it is essential for their daughters to learn the specialised business of running a house—and a husband.

So your Eastern girl, in Malaya say, is trained to sew, cook, buy in the market and entertain.

White is the traditional colour of mourning in many Asian countries—so most brides wear richly coloured dresses

Quite recently she has also been taught to dance. All these lessons she stores in her wise little head, where nothing is forgotten.

The next practical steps are taken when the girl falls in love and wishes to marry. The spontaneous love-match is becoming more common in the East than the "arranged" marriage. After the usual period of frustration, during which all the parents, uncles and aunts say nothing but "No, no, no!" the parents on both sides suddenly give in and meet to discuss—forgive my bluntness—cash.

It is assumed, in the East, that the young couple love each other (if not, why all this fuss?) and the immediate anxiety of the parents is to provide them with sufficient funds to set up a house of their own.

The young man, shall we say, is a young police officer, with a salary equivalent to £200 a year.

THE girl has no private means and, as she is still seventeen, is not yet earning money from that office job on which she had her eye until the young captain came along and diverted her. In such circumstances, Eastern families make real and surprising sacrifices. Parents and grandparents come in with contributions until a sum is raised with which the captain and his future bride can buy or rent a house and, very often, a radio and refrigerator as well.

But this marriage money does not become the sole property of either the husband or wife. His things and hers are separately labelled, and if the couple are ever separated by death or, as rarely happens, by divorce, the wife's share reverts to her and the husband's to him.

Short engagements are the rule. Eastern men are ardent when young and in love and the girl has no inclination to wait either.

(*Continued on page 72*)

The ceremony lasts longer than the one we know. So, says the writer, do the marriages. Here the groom places sticks of sandalwood on the ritual fire

ROMANTIC EAST

Surrounded by their guests, bride and groom sit beneath a gaily decorated canopy. After the ceremony they will be showered with petals and rice

Tea for two

(*Continued from page* 44)

write the same trivial trash I write myself.

"Murder indeed!" she snorted. "What does David know about murder!" She didn't believe there was such a drug as salyphilene, and said that if there was, she was certain it would not work that way.

I took this as a personal affront. David's poisoning was perfectly logical and technically perfect. But I did not argue with her. I pointed out that the book was written long before I came back to England. And that I thought I had been doing them both a good turn financially.

I thought nothing more about the wretched affair until Julia wrote asking me down for the weekend.

POOR Julia, this was her way of apologizing. So down I went to Dolphins again.

She did her best to be as gay and friendly as usual but there was a certain strain. The book was not mentioned in front of her, but privately, David was delighted with his success. I wondered fearfully if he was planning another novel.

On Sunday evening we had a scratch supper fairly early. I made some coffee which David poured out. We had a cigarette together, then Julia gave us each another cup of coffee and went to bed. I took my coffee up to my room and read the Sunday papers until I fell asleep.

In the morning I was first down. In the sitting-room David sat dead in his chair, exactly as we had left him the night before. It was all very tragic and unpleasant. Suddenly we were living in a morgue.

Julia was quiet and distant, but she didn't weep much. I couldn't help thinking how strong and beautiful she looked in her sombre black. The doctor said the strain of overwork had been too much for David's heart and signed the certificate accordingly. I stayed to help with the funeral arrangements but left as soon as I decently could.

As I pointed out to Ambrose, David did have a weak heart, and perhaps he did die of a heart attack. But somehow I have always felt there was something odd about the whole unhappy business.

As a writer of murder stories I was intrigued by the possibilities of the case. Was it the perfect crime? Julia's motives might not have been very obvious, but they could have been extremely strong.

Or could David have tried to murder Julia, and killed himself in error? Could it have been suicide? Or (devastating thought), had Julia tried to poison me? There was a ready field for speculation.

"I never did really make up my mind," I said, "but now you know why I've gone off coffee." Ambrose was silent. I watched him turning the whole thing over in his mind.

Just then I looked up and gasped involuntarily. It was Julia. Younger, prettier, more successful looking than ever. She was walking quickly and determinedly towards us. I was so astonished that I hadn't time to say a single word. I half rose from my chair.

"Felix my dear! How wonderful to see you. Of all the people in the world—and in Malta of all places!" I drew up a chair for her and she sat down.

She ordered tea and then turned to Ambrose. "Felix was David's greatest friend. He was wonderful and stood by me so faithfully when David died."

SHE turned to me again. "I suppose Ambrose told you. We were married very quietly in London a few weeks ago, so this is really our honeymoon. I rang your flat to ask you round for a drink but they told me you were in Africa somewhere."

The waiter returned and Ambrose watched Julia pour tea. He smiled enigmatically as he leaned towards me and said in a matter-of-fact way: "I liked your murder story enormously old boy, but you missed one very important point." I flushed slightly.

"There could be only one other solution to the mystery. Personally speaking I would be inclined to suspect the man's best friend and I'm pretty sure the jury would do the same thing. Method, motive—everything is against him."

He was still smiling as he turned to Julia: "I'll have coffee my dear."

END

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GWEN ROBYNS joins—

THE 1D—

I SHALL never forget my first day in London ten years ago. I had arrived from New Zealand and was being shown the sights. Proudly my guide went into ecstasies about the tulips in Hyde Park but didn't flick an eye-lid when the oddest sight went by.

There, sitting at the wheel of a battered Bentley, was a man in full armour. My guide shrugged it off with: "It is a bit strange—but have you seen Kew Gardens yet?"

Oddly enough, even in blasé London, people do turn to stare at the little bunch of pin-striped, bowler-hatted men who arrive by scooter for a weekly lunch date at an hotel in New Bond Street.

It is a cock-eyed world and as our traffic problems grow larger, our means of transport grow smaller. You see scooters everywhere now darting impudently between buses and flustered motorists. And no wonder. With running costs at 1d. a mile they work out cheaper than any public transport system.

We are now entering the age of the small run-about and this year alone will see more than 100,000 added to the

On left: Italian designed, British-made Vespa scooter. Right: all-British "Grey Wolf" mo-ped

A-MILE MOTORISTS

existing 3,000,000 now on our roads.

Women appreciate that there is no undue strain from noise. Even more important, they don't have to wrap up as in the old days of motor-cycles.

Although the original scooters we saw here after the war were made in Italy, there are now twenty-five different makes to choose from, of which four are British. And of the forty-five mo-peds, eighteen are designed here.

Of the British makes, the two new B.S.A. scooters—the luxury Beeza and the low priced Dandy at only £74 8s.—are something to shout about. The Beeza is the last word in scooter comfort and with petrol consumption at well over 100 m.p.g. and maximum speed of 50 m.p.h., it sells for just over £200.

THE Lambretta makers claim to have 40,000 machines on the roads in Britain. I like the social life of the Lambretta family, for once you own one it is like joining a holiday camp.

They hold their own rallies every year and run forty-nine clubs throughout the country. There is an advice service and I wouldn't be surprised if finally they run their own marriage bureau!

Three typical Lambretta owners are: the girl student at Oxford, who did 8,000 miles on a trip to Athens and back through Spain. The husband and wife who went 1,400 miles over roads that were often just bumpy tracks to Lapland. And Dr. Mostyn Lewis, a sixteen-stone, sixty - plus stalwart, who travels to Northern Scotland in search of rare plants.

The Albatross, which the makers claim "goes like a bird on the wing" has a long foam-rubber seat, which gives plenty of room, and the wide footboards give me a feeling of extra security and comfort.

The German Bella machine has a neat way of starting. You merely push the key in the ignition switch until the control light (red) and the neutral gear indicator (green) are alight. A little more pressure on the key (starter) and the engine is running. This model, too, has nice clean lines.

The Bambi is another British machine worth looking at. Again it is a "tiny," but I am assured that a six-foot man can ride it comfortably, with a set of golf clubs on the back.

Priced at £72 10s. (plus £16 15s. purchase tax), it is especially good for women. It has plenty of luggage-carrying capacity, space for a handbag under the seat and a hook for bags on the weather-shield. Fuel consumption costs less than a halfpenny a mile.

The mo-ped is essentially a 50 c.c. two- or four-stroke engined cycle with a two-speed gear box and pedals to start the machine. With a petrol consumption of 180 m.p.g., it doesn't take long to write off the initial cost of £60.

LAST year Hercules brought out the Grey Wolf, which has proved popular with its 49 c.c. J.A.P. engine, clutch and two-speed gear, costing £61 15s. Incidentally, this is the machine used by racing motorist Stirling Moss, who swears by its usefulness.

If it is purely a question of money (or the lack of it!) I'd take a look at the all-British 49 c.c. Teagle, at £19 3s.

Richard Llewellyn—remember "How Green Was My Valley"?—finds a Britain where a knowledge of tax evasion is of more benefit than a classical education

BOOKS and RECORDS

close-up of a TRAITOR

by LELGARDE LINDSAY

BURGESS and Maclean focused the eyes of the world on "the enemy within the gates." Their flight, followed a year later by that of Mrs. Maclean and her children, was the open admission of a belief alien and hostile to that of the country they were serving.

Instinctively, we now ask: *Is there another Burgess, another Maclean, planning to hand his country's secrets to the Communists?*

In **Mr. Hamish Gleave** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), Richard Llewellyn, sets out to show not only *how* such a thing can happen but—more important—*why* a man of the so-called upper strata, endowed with a good job, an attractive wife, and an idealistic mode of thought should step across the vast gulf between the comfortable roofs of Whitehall and the Kremlin's onion domes.

Hamish Gleave, attending the Derby in the right kind of morning coat and striped trousers, recalls once more that if his grandfather had not lost the family fortunes he might himself be leading in the winner.

Thoughtfully, he ponders the chance of a quick visit to Myril Gislan, a refugee salesgirl. This too is pleasure deferred: at that moment comes news of a colleague caught "tucking things under the Curtain." So straight back to London where, as the net closes in, the spy escapes by suicide.

Enter, with tight-set lips, American security men. Their bland distrustfulness, belief that every eccentricity, social, sexual or mental, is the indication of a traitor, causes Hamish's first revulsion from a Britain, whose policy is dictated from across the Atlantic, whose Rolls-Royces are driven by rich bounders, and where a knowledge of income tax evasion is of more benefit than a classical education.

In tight-knit sentences Llewellyn unfolds the story of Gleave's mental conflict. The dialogue, a mass of short phrases, sentences and interjections coupled together like the coaches of a full-speed express train, evokes the picture of a cautious, thoughtful man turning discreetly from one way of life to another.

"Broken White," the housepainter's term for adulterated white paint, is the key to the colour problem that permeates every aspect of life in the West Indian island of Santa Marta—Alec Waugh's **Island In The Sun** (Cassell, 16s.).

In the complexities of island politics, the revelation of a *café-au-lait* grandmother hidden away in the hills may ruin a man's chance of high office.

And in Maxwell Fleury's case exactly this discovery, ferreted out by visiting journalist Carl Bradshaw, provokes a man already tempestuous to a wild outburst of jealousy, culminating in murder.

Verdict: a brilliant description of life in the sunny West Indies, with its attendant dramas, jealousies, pleasures and complexes, heightened to the temperature of a hot-blooded, childlike and emotional population.

Philip Harben is probably the first man to implant an interest in the art of cooking in the great British public. It is a considerable achievement, when one reflects on the principle set years ago by Alfred the Great, and adhered to ever since.

In **Philip Harben's Cookery Encyclopaedia** (Odhams, 18s.) he deploys the same fluency, accuracy and versatility as he uses to intrigue the television masses.

QUICK LOOKS

The Long View, by Elizabeth Jane Howard (Jonathan Cape, 15s.)—Ingenious story of one woman's life from sensitive, shell-less teens to the poise and acquiescence of an equally sensitive maturity.

Victorian Vinaigrette, by Ursula Bloom (Hutchinson, 16s.). The Victorians were inhibited . . . smug . . . hypocritical . . . tight-laced . . . we are told. But there was also an intense and minute dedication to the cares of the household, to refinements of dress, to the composition of letters and household accounts . . . all the things lacking in the 1950s. An enchanting picture drawn chiefly from memories of members of Miss Bloom's family.

The Ship Of Fools, by Winifred Duke (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.). Clementina Walkinshaw was a Jacobite neither beautiful nor rich. Yet this penny-plain girl managed to allure the ill-starred Prince Charles Edward Stuart. The dialogue is a' Scots.

V.C.s of The Royal Navy, by John Frayn Turner (Harrap, 12s. 6d.)—a timely reminder of the men who lived—and died—winning the cross of courage. Turner tells how the twenty-four naval V.C.s of the war were won; thrilling reading.

NO PASTA, says Oreste

HOLLYWOOD has discovered and proclaimed yet another new Caruso. (The last, you may remember, was Mario Lanza who has waned, paradoxically, through overweight—seventeen stone according to recent reports.)

The latest is twenty-nine year old Oreste Kirkop, Maltese-born son of a French ship's chandler. Hollywood took him from Sadler's Wells, awarded him the musical world's accolade of a single name—a distinction which has not been heightened by its adoption by Wladziu Liberace—and immolated him in a tedious film, "The Vagabond King."

With Lanza's fate in mind I studied Oreste's waistline—he is no stripling—and asked tentatively if he knew Mario. Oreste said, rather distantly, that he did not.

In reply to a more pointed question he admitted that he was nearly thirteen stone. Was he worried? Was he dieting?

In an Italian accent with a Californian overlay, Oreste said he was unconcerned. "I don' eat the macaroni," he explained simply. Encouraged by his publicist Oreste assumed a nostalgic expression and in a voice to match told me, "I began singing when I was a boy in Malta. My four brothers and I used to go singing in the moonlight in the streets."

Oreste's progress since then can be judged by his records of "Song of the Vagabonds" and other Friml tunes from "The Vagabond King," issued here by HMV. A new Caruso? No.

Oreste professes that he has received much help in Hollywood from Bing Crosby.

Crosby himself, self-appraised as "strictly a bathroom tenor," saunters back from recent hibernation with a relaxed and pleasant "Ol' Man River" (Brunswick). His weight could go to twenty stone and his records would still sell.—

HENRY LEWIS

It isn't just a rumour . . . . .

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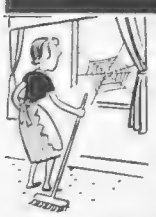

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Andy HOUSEHOLD GLOVES

TUESDAY the 27th

(*Continued from page 9*)

What a banal, idiotic, fatuous question! "If I did not think so," replied Bert, striving to keep the irritation out of his voice, "I would not have consented to their marriage. I expect, Lucy," he continued gently, "that your mother asked your father that question at breakfast on the day you and I were married. I wonder what he replied."

"I've often thought that Daddy was glad to see me go," said Lucy ingenuously. Bert, who was inclined to agree, said nothing.

At 10.45 a.m. the hired limousine arrived to drive the little family to the church. Bert, as the bride's father, played his rôle competently, if without distinction. Lucy, as protocol on these occasions demand, wept copiously in a front pew.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the bride and groom, together with Bert and Lucy, left the reception for Euston Station, where the boat train for Liverpool was due to leave at 4.15 p.m.

"You know, darlings," said Carol moistly, addressing her parents, "Bill and I don't want you to feel that you have lost your little daughter. We'd like you to feel that you now have a son."

There was sympathy in Bert's eyes as he looked at Bill. Carol had inherited her mother's passion for the obvious. Bill, happily, seemed an even-tempered sort of chap. Well, it was to be hoped that his temper would stand the strain of a few years of that kind of thing.

"Look after her well, Bill," said Bert, feeling a surge of intense gratitude towards the younger man. With Carol safely married and on her way to Canada, the last obstacle had been removed from his path. Conscience now permitted him to put into effect his well-laid plans.

At Euston Station, waiting for the boat train to leave, the drawn-out farewells and the false alarms seemed to Bert an eternity. There was a further delay when the train had finally gone because Lucy, too blinded by tears to realize that Carol and her husband were out of sight, insisted upon waving a minuscule handkerchief as though it were the white flag of surrender.

Lucy's sister, Mabel, was waiting for them. She had just brewed a pot of strong tea. Lucy and Mabel had in common a curious metabolism which—especially in moments of stress — demanded large quantities of tannic acid.

Nevertheless, Bert looked gratefully, almost affectionately, at Mabel. For it had been arranged that, after the strain of the wedding, Lucy was to stay with Mabel on the south coast for two weeks. They were to start almost at once.

"Do you think Bert," asked Lucy tearfully, "that you will be able to manage without me for two whole weeks?"

"I'll try, Lucy," he replied patiently, "and if I find myself unable to manage, I can send you a telegram."

Then, hustling her into Mabel's little car, Bert kissed Lucy for what he believed was the last time. His feelings for her were curiously mixed. He had no animus against her, no sense of grievance. Indeed, he told himself, he liked Lucy.

With limited equipment, she had done her best. She was a kind, ineffective woman. It was neither of their faults if in her presence he suffered a frightening, almost pathological boredom.

Bert had a busy evening ahead of him, so he wasted no time. Bringing down empty trunks from the attic, he packed all his clothes and a number of small portable possessions. He packed neatly and quickly. Then, emptying his desk of everything, he destroyed most of the papers, packing the remainder into a briefcase.

When it was all done, Bert heaved a sigh of relief. He found the finality of his tasks stimulating. Feeling the need of a drink, he went into the pleasant living-room in which, during the past twenty-one years, he had spent most of his leisure hours.

It was here, too, he mused over a meditative whisky and soda, that he had begun to explore Lucy's mind, only to find when it was too late, that it was a barren territory. It had not been too bad when Carol was young, for the care of a child had kept Lucy fully occupied.

But when Carol was in her teens and able in most ways to shift for herself, Lucy's evenings had become relatively free.

Now, in the retrospect, Bert wondered how he had been able to endure those interminable hours. Somehow, by rigid control of his temper and by bringing home work as a defence, he had left unsaid the cruel, cutting things which hovered on his lips.

He was glad now that he had not said them for, as he was the first to admit, Lucy was a good woman. She meant well. With his second whisky and soda Bert began to feel quite noble, and it was in this mood that he sat down to write a letter to Lucy:

My dear Lucy,

I fear that this letter will cause you pain and grief, although I hope sincerely that it will not. Although I entertain for you none but the most kindly feelings, I have decided that I can no longer live with you.

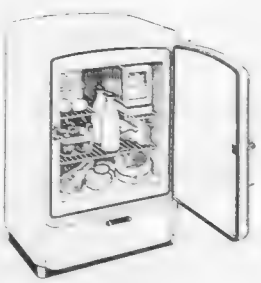
You have been a good wife and mother and I have never thought otherwise. It is, simply, that our minds do not meet. The blame—if there is any purpose to be served by apportioning blame—is mine as much as yours. I may say that I reached this decision irrevocably more than five years ago. That I did not then put it into effect was because I considered that we owed a duty to Carol.

My lawyer, Dick Hayden, has instructions to pay you annually for the rest of your life the income from a sum equal to exactly half my capital. This, together with the income you inherited from your father, should enable you to live in modest comfort. With the remainder of my capital I intend to make a new start in life. I leave Britain tomorrow.

It occurs to me that you may want a divorce. If this is so, you have only to tell Dick Hayden, in whose hands I have left evidence—fabricated evidence, I confess—which connects me with another woman. But I would like you to know, my dear Lucy, that there is

(*Continued on page 64*)

Do you expect me to believe that there are actually homes without refrigerators? If so, how on earth do they make *sure* food is kept fresh and wholesome?
Of course, my people don't take chances. What's more, I hear them say our gas 'fridge costs practically nothing to run. You see, it saves waste as well as preserving health. A gas 'fridge they say is best. It has no moving parts to wear, and it does its work silently and reliably year in, year out.
See the latest gas refrigerators at your gas showroom — *and ask about Mr. Therm's easy terms.*



GAS—to be sure

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE **BEST** USE OF THE NATION'S COAL ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

BARON TAKES TEA WITH THE LADY DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE

The Lady Douglas of Kirtleside, wife of Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, G.C.B., M.C., D.F.C., poses for a characteristic study by eminent photographer, Baron, in the sitting room of their modern flat in London. Lord Douglas was Commander-in-Chief of Fighter and Coastal Commands during the war. Later he was British Military Governor in Germany, and is now Chairman of B.E.A. Since her marriage last year, Lady Douglas has become a devotee of aviation: now she is learning to fly.

BARON: Now, Lady Douglas, I suppose I had better start right away—otherwise you'll be taking wing before I get you properly in focus.

LADY DOUGLAS: *Well, much as I love the air, I do come down to earth sometimes, Mr. Baron. Anyhow, I've finished my flying lesson for today . . . so we do have a* little *time. Can I tempt you to a cup of tea?*

BARON: Indeed, you can. I've been eyeing that exquisite service with a mixture of envy and anticipation. Italian, isn't it?

LADY DOUGLAS: *Yes, it is. My husband picked it up some years ago on one of his visits to Rome. Actually, I should have had Wedgwood on the table . . . you see, my mother is a great-niece of Josiah Wedgwood.*

BARON: Really? Then this will be your own special blend of tea, too, I'll wager.

LADY DOUGLAS: *Well, yes and no. Actually, it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest' blend. We like it very much, and the great thing is we can simply order it with the rest of the groceries. Always fresh and no fuss. Take sugar?*

Joyce Frayn Turner finds that the 1956 prefabs bring a "cottage by the sea" within the reach of many people

WEEKEND by the SEA

Built now—enlarge later. The Simms scheme is a prefabricated basic building capable of extension. This is the two-bedroom version, to which a third bedroom can be added. Notice car-port at far end of the house

"Yes, you can afford a holiday home. It is an excellent investment—and prices, without land, start as low as £370"

BETWEEN the wars a house in town plus a place in the country was a feature of middle-class life. The very vagueness of the word "place" was probably intentional—it could cover anything from cabin to castle—but, whatever it was, it meant a home-from-home and a haunt for holidays.

Even to-day, of course, a few people keep a *pied-à-terre* in town. But most of us are townspeople already. How much better, at this time of year, to reverse the reasoning and have a "*pied-à-plage*," a foot on the beach!

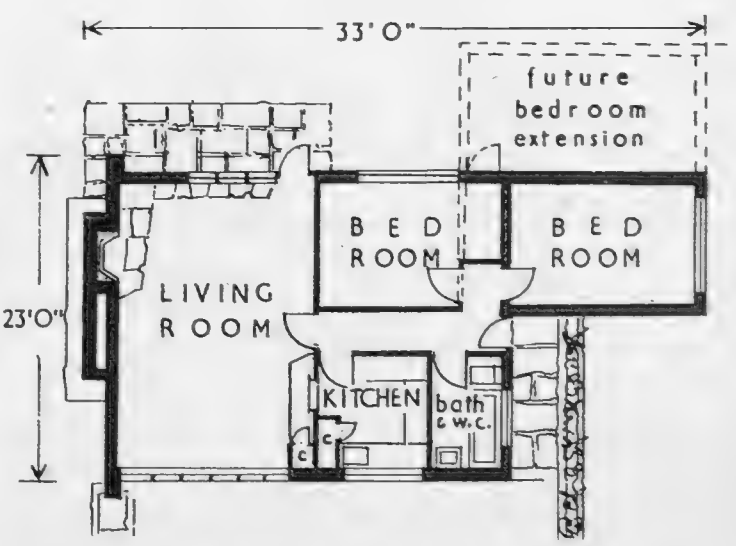
Cannot afford it? Before you dismiss the idea as a dream, think how you *could* manage it. After all, a home by the sea is an attractive investment. How much will you spend this year alone on the family holiday?

Discuss it with a few friends or relatives. There is nothing to stop you building and owning a holiday home jointly and sharing the repayments.

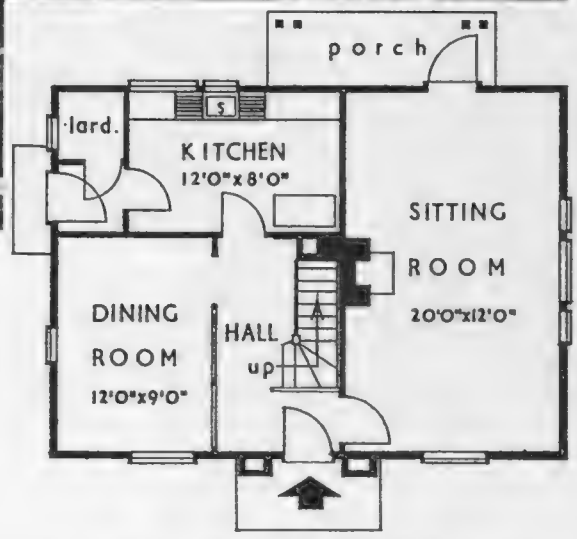
If two or three families share the outlay the capital cost will be in the region of £200–£300—the price of a new garage. But even if it is more, you can always let the place profitably to help cover costs.

No need to wonder any more whether a hotel has vacant rooms. You just set off for the coast—or country—and there you are.

A July week-end . . . a month of sun-and-sand for the children during the summer holidays . . . walks and fishing in autumn. All these can be yours. (*Continued overleaf*)



Remember those drab, utilitarian steel-and-asbestos "package houses" of a few years ago? It is hard to believe this bright brick-and-timber bungalow is also a pre-fab. This three-bedroom home costs £1,725



This cottage by Colt—best known of all the British "package-house" makers—has timber walls, cedar shingle roof. Glass wall between hall and dining-room gives a sense of space as you enter the house

Built of wood, a holiday home like this will last a lifetime. Easy to run, for the couple with young children it is the perfect answer to: "Where can we take the children this year?"

The various prefabs now being produced are quickly built. All you have to do is find the land, get planning permission, then manage the money. And it is still possible, in many cases, to borrow up to three-quarters of the combined price of land and prefab.

One of the houses I have inspected is based on the Cornish unit construction method and can be erected far quicker than brick or other traditional material.

The stone comes from St. Austell, right in the heart of holiday land. Prices, excluding site, range from £1075 for a one-bedroom bungalow to £1500 for three bedrooms.

Five firms produce "package" homes in cedar or other wood. And you can save on construction costs with at least one of these by building it yourself.

From a Devon designer comes a bungalow of cedar wood units which you can complete in less than a week once the foundations are down. Wall units are simply slotted into upright posts. The pitched roof is made of sheets of green-grooved aluminium alloy which snap into each other.

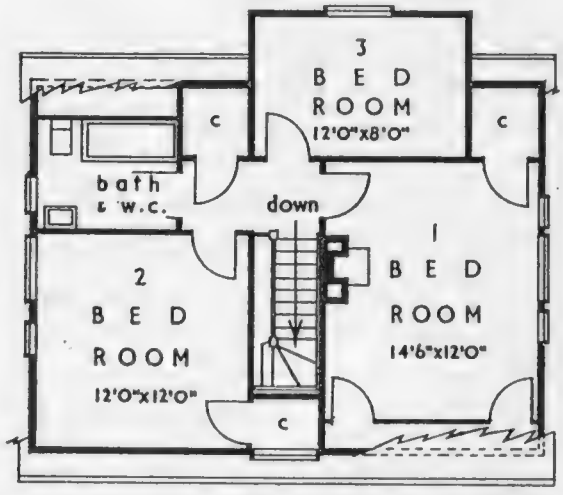
THIS bungalow by Robert Henderson costs about £2,300 and includes a mass of fitted furniture. Also included in this "build-over-the-week-end" home is a warm air-heating plant with eight skirting outlets.

Cheaper still is the remarkable Simms extendable layout—"the house with a future."

This package, delivered to your site, costs £725. Site work and erection is a further £600. With the cost of land—say £400—and professional charges say £75, the total is about £1,800 complete.

The basic bungalow consists of a living-room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom, and you can add another bedroom at any time.

Or there is a three-bedroom package for about £1,725, including erection—only £400 more than the single bedroom model. (*Continued on page* 60)



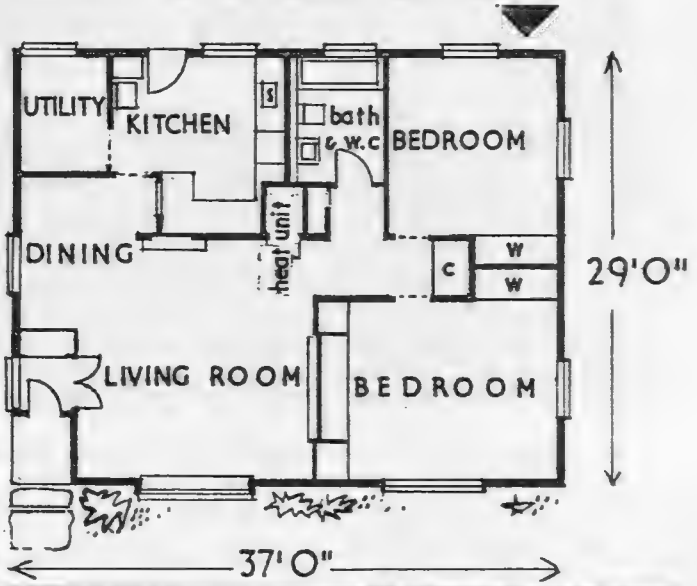
Upstairs there are three good-sized bedrooms. And the dining-room can serve as a fourth if necessary because there is plenty of space for dining in the 20 ft. by 12 ft. sitting-room. Cost? About £2,600

Bought when you can most afford it, a home by the sea eventually becomes an ideal place to spend your retirement

WEEKEND by the SEA

Lots of fitted furniture in the Henderson house means that you have less to buy. To furnish this room all you need is a bed. Sliding doors save space—and cut draughts. Rooms are heated by warm air

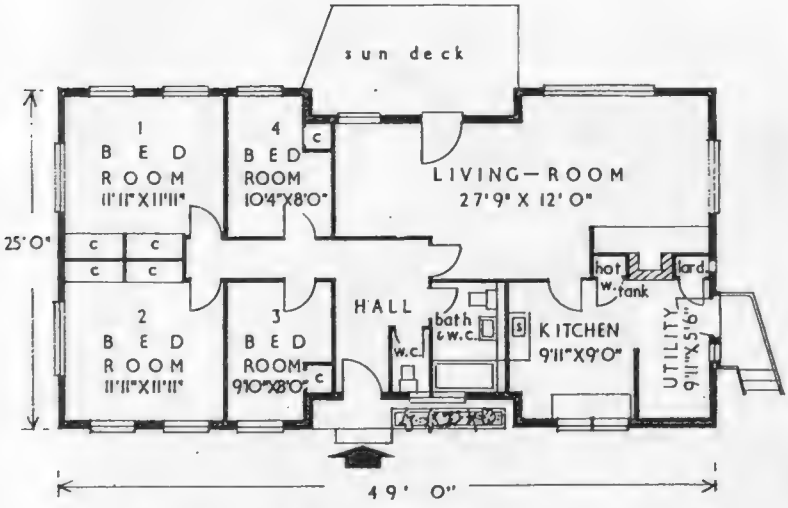
Built of Canadian cedar wood, the bungalow is slotted together in two week-ends. It is made of 4-ft. sections which even a wife can assemble! Roof is aluminium



WEEKEND by the SEA

Long, long holidays in the summer . . . carefree weekends. And a ready income when you are not using it yourself

Described as "the aristocrat of pre-fabs," Nerdrum's Scandinavian whitewood design has four bedrooms, a 28-ft. living-room and a sun-deck. Cost? Under £3,000. The company makes smaller versions



All bedrooms have large built-in wardrobes and more useful storage space is available in the small utility room. There is only one fire to tend—a back boiler in living-room provides hot water for bath and sink

Prefabricated, but it will literally last a lifetime.

At the other end of the financial scale is Nerdrum's Scandinavian whitewood home. The four-bedroom bungalow has a 28-ft. living-room, a kitchen-plus-utility room, and—an important asset for a holiday home—a sun-deck terrace.

It costs £2,950 erected, but excluding land, and comes in smaller sizes.

Nerdrum tell me that mortgages of 70–75 per cent. can be arranged on an endowment assurance policy.

Delivery is about a month from ordering and, given good weather, you can move in within another month.

A timber holiday home will be warm in winter (less heat lost outwards) and cool in summer (less heat transmitted inwards), so Guildcrete cedar bungalows keep heat variation, and the fuel bill, down to a minimum.

They feature a centrally-placed fireplace to warm both lounge and meals areas of the L-shaped living-room.

AND if you loathe forms and officials, the makers undertake to prepare plans *and* submit them for approval. They will even find you a suitable site.

The quotation for delivery and erection within 30 miles of Guildford, Surrey, is £1,875 for a two-bedroom design. Or there is a "package deal" for £881 which gives you the complete sections ready for building—but does not include services.

Do not despair if you cannot manage more than £400. There is the Pratten Eldorado wooden bungalow for you.

It has a verandah, living-room, two bedrooms, scullery and closet. And the complete cost?—£370.

★ **For further details write to Miss Turner, or direct to the makers. Manufacturers mentioned are: W. H. Colt, Bethersden, Kent; Guildcrete, Artington, Guildford, Surrey; Robert Henderson, Building Inventions, Stover, near Newton Abbot, Devon; R. Nerdrum, 20, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1; F. Pratten & Co., Midsomer Norton, Bath; Selleck Nicholls, St. Austell, Cornwall; W. J. Simms, Sons & Cooke, Haydn Road, Sherwood, Notts.**

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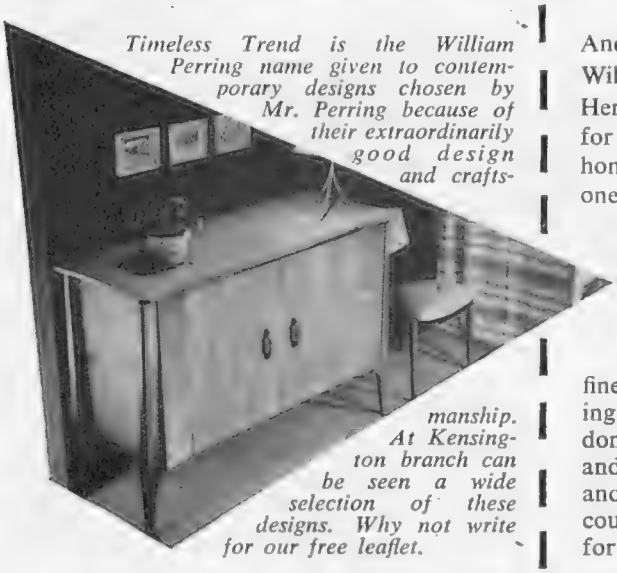

Timeless Trend is the William Perring name given to contemporary designs chosen by Mr. Perring because of their extraordinarily good design and craftsmanship. At Kensington branch can be seen a wide selection of these designs. Why not write for our free leaflet.

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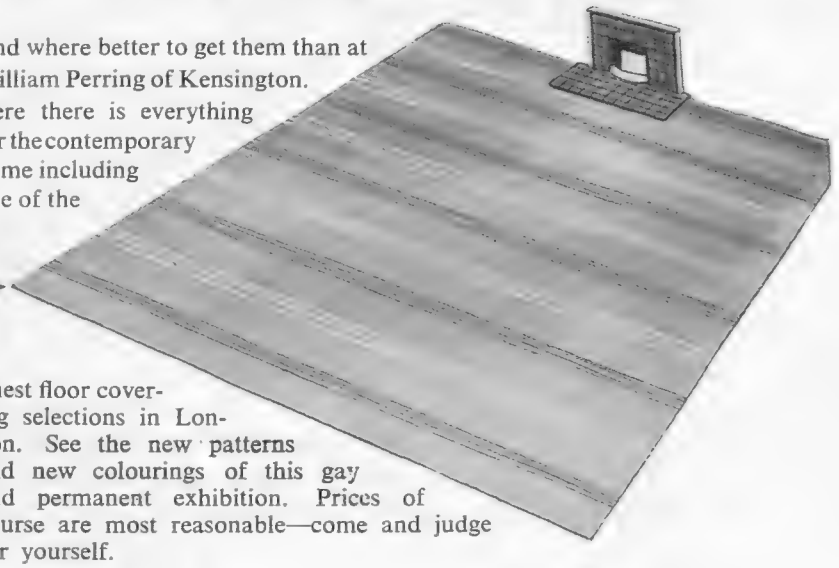

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You And Your Money

(*Continued from page 5*)

goods bought in certain areas, London is a cheaper shopping place than many provincial towns, the pound is still worth less there than almost anywhere else in Britain.

I know one shop in a university town, which has so suffered from bad debt that it allows a discount of 2½ per cent on all bills paid within a month.

But no discount is paid on cash sales, so the absurd situation arises that customers to whom the shop lends money, interest free, for up to one month, also receive from the shop a free cash gift (by discount) of one-fortieth of what they have been lent.

Cash customers, to whom the shop does not lend money, receive no gift at all.

This sceptical attitude to money and money's worth, valuable in one's daily shopping, is essential when buying cars, houses and the like. Here it is more than ever wise to look after the pounds, and let the pennies look after themselves.

As far as cars are concerned, never accept the word of the seller as to the state of the market and the price he is prepared to accept.

"Buy now—prices will be higher in the spring," has no validity in the secondhand car market—and indeed little in any other secondhand market.

I recently watched the price of a secondhand American roadster in the yard of a London dealer, come down over the months from £265 to £85. Remember that a secondhand car can always be priced for the potential buyer by the A.A. or a similar organization.

These remarks to some extent apply also to houses. But here the problems, hedged around with technical, legal and governmental pitfalls, are much greater.

It is not simply a matter (as in other deals) of getting value for money. There are many other mistakes to avoid but certain general truths apply: Never be too specific in your requirements. Never accept without question the price asked. And as far as you possibly can, buy in relation to market value rather than personal prejudice.

Thus if you have specified a two bedroomed cottage with a mansard roof and two acres of orchard with a stream at the bottom, and a two bedroomed cottage with a mansard roof and two acres of orchard with a stream at the bottom is produced, you may find yourself paying £500 more for it than it is worth simply because it is clear that you want it.

If a house speaks to the heart, it may be necessary to buy it at above its market price. But it is usually just as possible to get it at, or even below, that price.

In house buying, the right thing is to fix one's own minimum and maximum prices and stick to them.

House buying is indeed the greatest single money problem of all. And it is understandable that many young couples should fight shy of it and rent their accommodation.

There is much to be said for renting a house or flat if the rent is low enough and many are certainly still controlled at absurdly low figures. The 1956 economists reckon that rent should never take more than a sixth of one's income.

But in these days, unless the rent is in fact uneconomic for all save the tenant, the claims of house purchase must nearly always be stronger than those of house renting.

The obvious reason? In one case the house becomes yours; in the other, it doesn't.

Yet house purchase still remains a problem and one further complicated by personal likes and dislikes whose influence may be decisive.

There is, for example, no point in saving the interest on £1,000 by buying a house in a cheaper neighbourhood and being miserable all one's life as a result. If one can live as happily in Essex as Surrey, or Royston as Cambridge, or Stretford as Alderley Edge, so much the better. It may mean a difference of £1,000 at least.

Usually it is a better investment to buy a country house rather than a town house, and certainly a country rather than a suburban house. The threat of atomic war is almost certain to send up the value of country property sooner or later.

On the other hand, the most certain way of losing money is to buy a large and beautiful house which seems cheap at the price, but which is in poor repair and far from bus stop or railway station.

It will soon be discovered that the expenses of using a car for regular transport are considerable. Heating costs are high and repair bills, perhaps, highest of all.

Once the house has been decided on, it may be paid for through a bank, a life assurance policy taken out with an

(*Continued on page 68*)

Turn facts INTO ACTION

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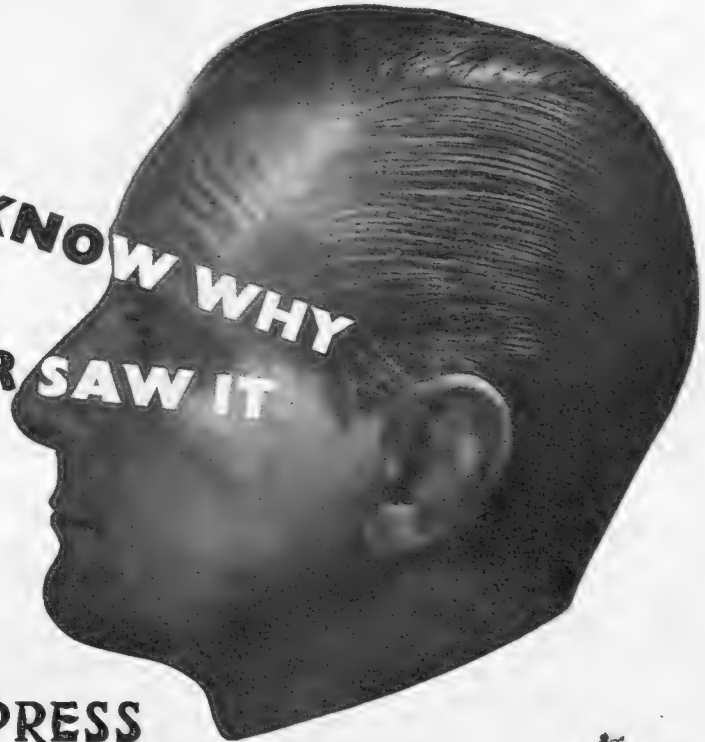
I DON'T KNOW WHY I NEVER SAW IT



but for years my standard of living had been going up, and my tastes had changed accordingly, yet my smoking habits remained where they were . . . then I saw the absurdity of a few pennies standing between me and the best cigarettes in the world—

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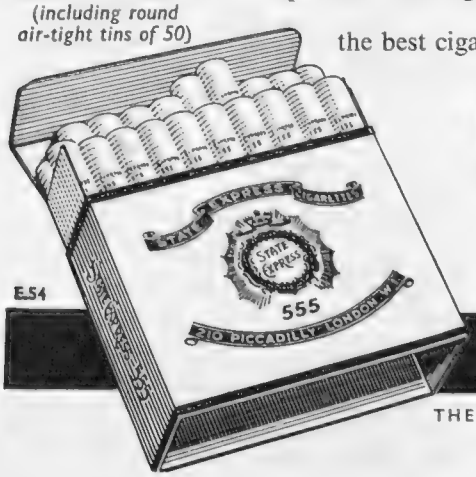

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E.54

Tuesday the 27th.

(*Continued from page* 54)

not and never has been "another woman."

This house, where we have spent twenty-one placid years, is in my name, as you know, but it is yours from now onwards. When I leave here in the morning I shall take the key as a memento.

And now, goodbye, Lucy. When you read this, I shall have gone beyond recall. Do not think too harshly of your affectionate husband,

BERT.

Re-reading the letter, Bert decided that it struck just the right note. He propped it against the clock.

On the dining-room table, covered by napkins, were some cold chicken, a few slices of canned ham, a salad and a cold apple pie. Bert's thoughts as he ate this simple meal were of gratitude for Lucy's thoughtfulness.

How very much better it was, he mused, to part thus, instead of waiting until frayed nerves and sheer exasperation created harsh words and ugly scenes.

Bert found himself wondering how Lucy would behave in a rage. It was strange, but true, that she had never in all the twenty-one years lost her temper beyond the point of mild irritation. Yes, there was, and he admitted it freely, much to be said for Lucy. It was a thousand pities that she was so . . . brainless.

In the morning Bert found the exact right amount of coffee already in the electric percolator. All he had to do was to put water in the bottom and plug it in.

The only thing lacking at breakfast was Lucy's wistful wish that coffee tasted as good as it smelled, followed by his own banal and timeworn retort.

At 9.30 a.m. Bert telephoned for a taxi, occupying the time of waiting by one last sentimental pilgrimage around the house which since his marriage had been his only home.

When the taxi came the baggage was waiting outside the front door, all neatly labelled, "Albert Hartley - Simmonds." Bert's name was strictly speaking, Albert Hartley Simmonds, but when his last passport had been issued there had been no difficulty about hyphenating the commonplace name.

As the travelling representative of Welland Brothers, the big export woollen house, Bert knew his way around. For four months out of every one of the preceding twenty years, with the exception of course, of the war years, Bert had roamed the world in the interests of his firm.

In 1936, believing then that war was inevitable, and anticipating the financial controls which came into force in September, 1939, he had invested his entire savings in American industrial stocks, depositing these with a Swiss bank in Zurich, out of the reach of the Bank of England.

That evening Bert left London by the Dover-Dunkerque train ferry for Paris. Sending on his heavy baggage to await him in Genoa, he then went to Zurich to make the necessary arrangements with his bank. When he reached Genoa he was in possession of a large sum of dollar travellers' cheques, which gave him financial freedom over the entire world. From Genoa he took an Italian ship to Australia, arriving in Sydney five weeks later. From Sydney he transhipped to Papeete, the chief town of Tahiti, and thence by trading schooner to Nukahiva, in the Marquesas group of islands under French rule.

Bert had two reasons for this destination. Firstly, these remote islands were among the few places in the world where he was entirely unknown. Secondly, under the influence of Robert Louis Stevenson, Herman Melville, and other writers, plus his own romanticism, he had yearned for years for some lush island paradise in which to end his days.

Nukahiva, when he first saw the island, was so beautiful that Bert wept unashamedly. It did not seem possible that such transcendental loveliness could be real.

At first there was some little difficulty about obtaining permission to settle in Nukahiva, but Bert had anticipated this. From an official of the Colonial Ministry in Paris, a man to whom he had once rendered some service, Bert obtained a letter of commendation to the Administrator. On production of this, all difficulties vanished like magic.

This letter—and Bert was uncomfortably aware of the fact—was the weakest link in the chain of his disappearance. But he hoped that, even if his friend in the Colonial Ministry remembered the name of his firm—and he doubted this—the chances of any contact was so slight as to be negligible.

From the beginning Bert was charmed by Nukahiva and the more he saw of the island the more he liked it. The climate, though warm, was excellent, the people friendly and the soil rich. Here a man could lead a full life provided his tastes were reasonably simple.

Two weeks after his arrival Bert bought a small Europeanized house. It had two bedrooms, a large lounge, a fine shady veranda with a view across a wide bay. There was no plumbing, but there was a hot mineral spring in the garden.

The previous owner, a French official who had retired to France, had constructed a bath house which ensured privacy. The hot spring was extremely efficacious in the relief of rheumatism, of which Bert suffered occasional twinges.

So the first fruits of his sojourn in this remote island was a complete absence of any rheumatic pain, thanks to frequent immersions in the bath house.

At least half of Bert's baggage was books. He had arranged while in Sydney to have a further constant supply of books, periodicals and newspapers sent to him. Now, and for the first time in his life, he would be able to catch up on his reading.

Meanwhile, the rich soil of the garden was crying out for cultivation. And Bert, who was accustomed to an active life, set to work with a will to make himself independent of outside sources of fruits and vegetables.

Bert spoke French fluently and he was soon on pleasant terms with the small official and mercantile community, but during these early months in Nukahiva his chief pleasure in the evenings was to

(*Continued on page* 69)

Lord Goddard

(*Continued from page* 46)

exasperated mutter as counsel laboriously circumnavigates the real issue.

There are some judges—thin, ascetic looking men, who seem elegantly aloof from those who appear before them.

Lord Goddard, despite his background of Marlborough and Trinity College, Oxford, is never aloof or remote. He has the common touch.

A widower since 1928, the Lord Chief Justice has three daughter and five grandchildren. He loves children but again, he is old-fashioned enough to think that they cannot always be brought up properly without discipline—even if it means occasional chastisement.

His belief in and comment on the value of corporal punishment has aroused hostile criticism. He is equally assertive in favour of retaining the death penalty.

Because Lord Goddard brought to his office a fearless application of his powers, he has attracted a reputation for severity. But judicial integrity might be a better way of putting it.

He demonstrated his concern at the flabby-fingered way courts were handling cases of child cruelty three years ago. He sent a man to prison for seven years for flogging his eleven-year-old daughter. It was the heaviest penalty for child cruelty in living memory.

Too few of his colleagues have followed Lord Goddard's example in dealing with this kind of offence.

There is one man who should revere the Lord Chief Justice. He was an habitual criminal who, in 1953, was sentenced in a lower court to eight years' preventive detention. Lord Goddard, reviewing the case, directed that the sentence be changed to two years' probation because he thought the man had never had a chance to go straight.

In private life Lord Goddard is, in the words of a fellow peer, "one of the most agreeable, charming and companionable of men."

When his wife died at the peak of his career as a barrister, he found time to supervise the upbringing of his daughters with that same mixture of severity and kindliness which he displays on the bench.

He liked to know what company they kept and what books they were reading. They had to give him detailed accounts of how they spent their pocket money.

Two of his daughters are now Justices of the Peace, one is married to a judge.

Lord Goddard's support of corporal punishment has been called "sensational and untruthful nonsense." He has also been told that he talks too much. He does not reply to such criticism.

Whether he is right in supporting firm punishment of wrongdoers or whether the modern trend towards candy and cushions for criminals is more sound, may only be proved over a long period.

But as Lord Chief Justice he is a cultured, coarse, kind, provocative, patient, irritable, likeable old judge.

He has said of himself: "I'm just an ordinary man who knows a little bit of law, but I'm an excellent judge—of port."

That over-modest assessment is perhaps best answered by the opinion of a Socialist M.P. and Queen's Counsel who disagrees completely with Lord Goddard's ideas on punishment and politics.

"Whatever one may think," he said, "of Lord Goddard as a politician, there has seldom been a finer judge."—END

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Announcing something really NEW for you

The Stork Wives Club

ORGANISED BY THE

STORK MARGARINE COOKERY SERVICE

This month something quite new is starting—a special and very different Club which you can join. The Stork Wives Club! Read about it, see just what your new Club will mean to you.

What is the Club?

We've always had a great deal of correspondence at the Stork Margarine Cookery Service—about cooking food, serving food, special catering, sandwiches, cake and pastry making, and a dozen other things. Our experience showed us that all over the country there are thousands of women who would like to be kept in touch with new ideas about shopping, catering and cooking. So we decided to form the Stork Wives Club which would give you all a really unique service.

Your membership card is also a permanent shopping reminder. These cookery booklets are free, with an attractive, glazed folder to keep them in.

I'm running your Club.

I hope you like this idea of a Stork Wives Club as much as I did when the makers of Stork Margarine asked me to come and help run the Club. I'm delighted to be in at the beginning of such an exciting organisation.

I am your Club Secretary, and if you have any questions about the Club do write to me. It will be my job to deal with members' questions about cooking and catering and all the many things which add up to feeding the family. If you'll write to me I'll see that your letter goes to one of our experts and I'll give you her (or his) reply.

I'll be writing to you in the next Stork Wives Club page in this magazine. Or you may hear from me before then, if you decide to become a member—I hope you do!

Yours sincerely,

Margery Appleton.

3 WIVES

Three wives? Yes, we decided that the wives who are going to read these Wives Club pages in the future will probably be in roughly three groups; read on and see which kind of wife you are.

The first, and probably the youngest, type of wife is the one who is still keeping on her job. Perhaps she hates to give it up yet, perhaps she and her husband are both saving hard for their own home. Anyway, her shopping and housekeeping time is just as short as it can be—and we're going to help her with quick, simple recipes for evening meals. So watch out for the next Stork Wives Club page.

JSC 457-46

How to join the Club

All you have to do is to fill in the form below, and send it to us with a postal order for 1/-. This will pay for your registration as a Permanent Member, and help towards the cost of postage.

What will the Club do for you?

The Stork Margarine Cookery Service has been running for over fifteen years, and during that time it has answered many hundreds of thousands of cookery queries, organised hundreds of demonstrations all over the country, and published dozens of booklets and leaflets, including the famous "Art of Home Cooking".

This Cookery Service is at the disposal of any member of the Wives Club. All its own experts are there to solve your kitchen problems. And outside the Cookery Service are many other famous experts who have agreed to help make the Stork Wives Club a success with their advice and suggestions. So the Club will always deal carefully with any cookery or catering enquiry that you like to send in.

As a member, you get immediately the various things in the picture, left. And during the year you'll receive booklets and leaflets on different aspects of cooking and catering!

In this magazine you'll see regular pages about the Stork Wives Club, with recipes, hints and tips for you and your family.

Also on the Stork Wives Club page in this magazine, you'll be seeing competitions you can enter if you're a member of the Club—with very acceptable prizes.

There'll be Stork Cookery Demonstrations in many places across the country in the future—and a very special welcome for Stork Wives Club Members. Come along and get your cooking or catering queries answered in person! Meet the people who help to run your Club.

You must help with future plans, too. It's your Club. So if there's any special question you want dealt with—just write to us. And if there are enough other members who have the same queries as yours we might even get something specially printed for you!

* * * * *

Do you regularly get the Stork Margarine Cookery Service booklets and leaflets? If so, you'll have heard about the Club already, and you're probably a member by now!

The next Stork Wives Club page

Look out for the next Stork Wives Club page in this magazine, in a few weeks' time. There'll be quite a new way of giving recipes—worked out for the sort of busy life you lead! It will be the first of a series called "Which Wife are You?" There'll be some very practical hints for summer picnics. There'll be a competition which you can enter—the prize is £25! (See that you're a Club Member by the time the next Stork Wives Club page comes round, and you can go in for the competition.)

Butterscotch Celebration Cake

When we launched our new Club we gave a party for all the experts who have got together to make it a success for you. And the show-piece on our party table was this very delicious Celebration Cake.

Have you a celebration this month—anniversary, birthday or party coming along? If so, treat your family to this butterscotch cake. The recipe is easy to follow. *We* decorated with Storks—*you* could have these, or initials or special motifs.

INGREDIENTS

- 4 oz. Stork
- 5 oz. (5 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour
- 4 oz. castor sugar
- 2 tablespoons Butterscotch Syrup
- 2 eggs
- Butterscotch Icing and chopped nuts to decorate.

Butterscotch Syrup. Dissolve 8 oz. demerara sugar in ¼ pint water. Boil moderately fast to 345°F. (or to dark caramel colour). Cool slightly, stir in 2 oz. Stork and 4-6 tablespoons boiling water. Cool.

Sandwich. Cream Stork and sugar together. Beat in 2 tablespoons syrup. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Fold in sieved flour. Place in 7 inch square cake tin, lined with greaseproof and brushed with melted Stork. Bake on middle shelf of moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4—360°F.) for 40-45 minutes. Decorate with Butterscotch Icing.

Butterscotch Icing. Cream 2 oz. Stork with 4 oz. sieved icing sugar. Beat in 2-3 tablespoons Butterscotch Syrup. Coat sides with chopped nuts.

which are you?

The second type of wife—and what a lot of these there are—is the one with small children. Hers is the job of cooking mid-day meals for young children and producing a hot meal at night, too. She is indoors quite a lot and she can keep her eye on the cooker. For her we've plenty of hints and recipes for simple, nourishing food that tempts children and pleases their daddy when he comes home in the evening.

The third type of wife is the one whose husband and (possibly growing-up) children are out all day but come back in the evening roaring for lots of good, hot food. She has more time than the other wives for preparing some really delicious meals which we have worked out for her. So each Stork Wives Club page will have something special for this wife, too!

Which wife are you? *Remember to look out for recipes which will interest you particularly—they'll be in each Stork Wives Club page in this magazine in the coming months.*

MEMBERSHIP FORM

To Stork Wives Club (Dept. A5)
9 Great Suffolk Street,
London, S.E.1

I want to become a member of the Stork Wives Club.
I enclose 1/- Postal Order to cover costs of registration as a Permanent Member and to help towards postage. (Postal Orders should be made payable to Van den Berghs Ltd. and crossed & Co.)

I would like a copy of the "Art of Home Cooking" (100-page Cookery Book).
(If you already have this book, please cross out the above.)

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BUILDING SOCIETY

ASSETS EXCEED £27 MILLIONS RESERVES EXCEED £1,600,000
CLARENCE STREET, CHELTENHAM

You And Your Money

(*Continued from page 62*)

insurance company, a building society, or privately, either through a solicitor or not.

The credit squeeze made banks less ready to advance loans for houses. Nor, indeed, is it possible, when refused by one's own bank, to try another.

Yet a friend of mine, refused by his own bank, was able to raise the money on the same securities after his solicitor had opened an account in his name with another bank.

There is much to be said for keying one's house buying (and any other long term expense, including children's school fees) to life assurance—if age and health do not make this uneconomic or impossible.

There is even more to be said for carrying life assurance for its own sake. It imposes a regular discipline in saving.

If the premium is over £25 a year, no tax is paid on two fifths of the amount paid, provided that the total annual premium does not exceed one sixth of the holder's income (or the joint income of husband and wife) and one seventh of the capital sum assured. And those with dependants know that if they die, these dependants will not be unprovided for.

Consider the case of a thirty-year-old man earning £1,250 a year, who takes out a life policy for £2,000 with profits, payable at the end of thirty years or death, whichever is earlier.

The amount of the premium can vary from £59 to £71 for a man passed medically fit; and profits can vary even more.

Profits, paid in the form of bonus on such a life policy five years in force, may be as much as £2 10s. or more for each £100 of premium.

These bonuses are valuable, but the rebate obtained on income tax is valuable, too. For when income tax at 8s. 6d. in the pound is charged, a policy with an annual premium of £59 will mean a yearly saving to its holder of £10 4s.

Life assurance is as essential to the single woman as to the father of a family. If a girl of twenty insures her life for £1,000, the policy to mature in thirty years, it will provide a valuable tax-free investment.

And since she has taken out her policy at an earlier age than the man previously quoted, her annual premiums will be only £30 or so a year. With one company its estimated value after thirty years may be as much as £2,900.

On the other hand, money saved in tax not paid at the standard rate of 8s. 6d. in the pound will be correspondingly less—in her case about £5 2s. a year.

Life policies may be with or without profits. If without, then the sum assured and the premium remain unchanged. If with, premiums are higher and bonuses are paid, either with the sum assured, or directly in the form of cash.

A life policy without profits gives maximum cover at lowest cost, but with profits it will be more profitable the longer the policy stays in force.

Much useful advice on the subject of life policies in general is given in the table of comparative bonus rates published in *Whitaker's Almanack*.

The difficulties of assessing the value of any policy are so great that it is a wise precaution to seek advice first from any recognized insurance broker.

When money is borrowed from a building society there are no premiums to pay on a life policy. On the other hand, the holder's death does not absolve his estate from continuing repayments until the loan is repayed.

Money can, finally, be borrowed for house purchase from a private lender. Solicitors often have money to invest for clients and this may well be lent against the security of the house. Loans of this kind are likely to be more expensive than the others described.

One of the best ways of saving money nowadays is by avoiding paying it to the state in the form of tax. The interest on a loan made to buy a house and the money spent on repairing the house are both subject to property tax relief.

So complex are income tax regulations that many people pay over to the state, in taxes, money which the more knowledgeable or astute successfully claim as their own.

It is the self-employed who can make the greatest tax saving, whether they be farmer, concert pianist, shopkeeper, doctor or artist. Failure to keep a record of and to claim relief for all the expenses to which they are liable in their work simply means throwing money away.

Stationery, telephone accounts, journals, pencils, typewriter ribbons, travelling expenses and even polish for the floor of consulting-room or studio — can be

(*Continued on page 70*)

Tuesday the 27th

(*Continued from page 64*)

lie full length in a cane chair reading, in the certainty that his train of thought would not be interrupted by the telephone, or Lucy's voice asking him for a five-letter word, meaning a fruit and ending with —mon.

When tired of reading, he put himself in Lucy's shoes, trying to guess just how she had set about the task of finding him. Her first inquiries, of course, would be at the office of Welland Brothers, where she would have been told that he had resigned and that nobody had the smallest knowledge of his movements or intentions from the day on which his resignation had become effective.

Then, Bert guessed, she would have called on Dick Hayden. He, poor chap, would have been embarrassed by having to confess that he, too, knew nothing.

At this juncture, if he read her character and likely behaviour rightly, Lucy would indulge in the luxury of a little private grief at No. 17 Lawn Crescent. Her vanity would have sustained her in the belief that in a few weeks, or months, and despite his letter, Bert would return to her.

Doubtless, she had rehearsed *ad nauseam* a lachrymose scene, at the end of which she would forgive him and welcome him back to his home.

Shortly after his forty-sixth birthday, Bert was delighted to realize how adaptable he was. He had shed the old life as a snake sheds its skin and, as he expressed it privately in his own thoughts, taken to the new life as a duck takes to water. He wondered whether Lucy would have expressed it thus neatly.

In Nukahiva the rich soil, alternating rain and sunshine, made the ground a forcing house for weeds. It was impossible to keep pace with them. But fortunately it did not matter. Weeds or no, there were always vegetables aplenty.

Aubergines, okra, chick peas, several gourds, including a delicious melon, christophines, sweet potatoes, yams and many more, simply ran riot.

Planted by his predecessor, Bert found several varieties of banana, oranges, guavas, passion fruit, avocadoes, papayas and other fruits too numerous to mention, all with the irreducible minimum of effort on his part.

On the outward journey Bert had more than once wondered whether the romantic writers who had described the Pacific islands had not been guilty of drawing the long bow. But now, amid all the luxuriance, he knew that, if anything, they had understated the immense fertility.

There was a shortage of razor blades in the islands and, when his own were exhausted, Bert considered that a beard gave him a distinguished appearance.

Good brandy and excellent rum were cheap in the islands. Bert, who had always prided himself on being able to shake an excellent cocktail, began to experiment. There were certain difficulties, the chief among these being the absence of ice.

But by trial and error he evolved one excellent drink which he called the "Hartley-Simmonds Special." Scooping out twenty passion fruit and straining them through a handkerchief—preferably a clean one—he mixed the resultant juice with an equal quantity of fresh pineapple juice, choosing for the purpose pineapples just short of ripeness, so that the juice should not be too sweet.

To these were added a few shavings from the peel of a bitter orange. These gave the mixture a certain zest.

All that it then required was the admixture of an equal quantity of brandy or rum. Bottled and corked, and left for twelve to twenty-four hours at the bottom of a cool, deep well, the "Hartley-Simmonds Special" was quite delightful.

As a substitute for coffee, bacon and eggs and toast in the early morning it was an unqualified success.

One evening, when well into the second bottle since sundown, Bert remembered Lucy's pursed lips and the look of disapproval on the rare occasions when he had drunk more than one whisky and soda. The memory evoked sent Bert into peals of uproarious laughter.

Standing out in the garden in a deluge of rain, he shouted defiance to the elements. Obediently the thunderstorm ceased, the clouds rolled away and the sky once more became a placid star-lit dome. Bert felt omniscient and godlike.

This called for a celebration. He nearly fell down the well while hauling up another bottle of the "Hartley-Simmonds Special."

Bert had a bad dream that night. In it Lucy went by accident to the Sydney bookshop which supplied him.

There was a distressing scene on the beach at Tai-o-hae, with Lucy screaming ugly recriminations and then, after a fit of weeping, imploring him to return to England with her. The outlines of the dream became somewhat fuzzy at this stage and altogether inconclusive, but when Bert awoke, he was alone.

This occurred in the third year of Bert's self-imposed exile, at which time some rather odd rumours were circulating about him in Nukahiva. He had developed the habit of talking to himself—not in conversational tones, but at the top of his voice.

He was still living upon his travellers' cheques and, upon his rare visits to Tai-o-hae a complication arose because of his inability to countersign them with a signature which resembled his own. There was, understandably, a certain reluctance upon the part of the French trading house where he was in the habit of obtaining money, to provide him with funds or credit.

When it was suggested to Bert that his signature might improve if he curtailed his intake of "Hartley-Simmonds Special," he was deeply wounded.

Indeed, the incident assumed a sinister significance in his mind, as part of an elaborate Communist plot against him, a plot, furthermore, to which the Administrator was a party. To make matters worse, Bert accused the Administrator openly.

During the period of enforced sobriety which followed the cutting-off of credit, an official (instigated, doubtless, by the missionaries, who were also in the Communist plot) brought Bert a slip of paper, informing him that he was now *persona non grata*.

The little house was seized for debt and, protesting violently, Bert found himself one morning upon the deck of an Australian trading schooner bound for Sydney. When the schooner dropped anchor in Woolloomoolloo Bay, Bert was carried ashore to hospital.

After some five weeks in a darkened room and a further period of convalescence, Bert was pronounced well and able to leave the hospital. Although the most acute of the zoological manifestations no longer troubled him, he was in fact far from well.

But he could walk—just. And after some practice, could sign his name well enough for banks to cash his travellers' cheques. On the advice of a kindly doctor he went to a sanatorium in the Australian Alps where, since liquor was barred, his return to normal health might be expected.

After a winter spent in the keen, dry mountain air, with plenty of good food, regular exercise and no alcohol, Bert realized with thankfulness that he was cured and able to face the world again. He also realized that he was somewhat homesick.

Upon a sudden impulse, he went down to Sydney, where he booked a passage for England, arriving in London three years and nine months after leaving home.

One evening, having seen all the good films and feeling restive, Bert took a bus to Twickenham. Hoping that he would not be recognized, he walked to Lawn Crescent. No. 17 was in darkness. Opening the front gate, he went into the garden.

The melancholy air of neglect, visible even in the light of a street lamp, shocked Bert. His beloved roses were rank and almost choked with weeds. The lawn was a tangle of dead grass. The skylight over the front door was broken, where some mischievous boy had thrown a stone. Bert fled. He could bear no more.

On the following morning he called upon his lawyer Dick Hayden, who received him somewhat coolly. "I've been wondering when I should hear from you," he said. "Where have you been?"

"I've been three years in the Marquesas Islands. They're in the Pacific—French. But the climate didn't agree with me."

"Well, what brings you here?"

"I just called in for a friendly chat, Dick. After all, we were friends, weren't we?"

"Of course, Bert, of course! But right now I'm busy. Tell you what! Let's have lunch together. I'll be able to talk then. But just now, you understand. . . ."

"Of course, Dick. I'll come back for you at twelve-thirty. I should have phoned for an appointment."

At lunch the two men chatted uneasily. The bond which had united them for many years was curiously non-existent. They talked warily, like strangers.

"I hope," said Bert over the coffee, "that Lucy is well. I suppose my leaving like that was a great shock to her?"

"I dare say it was," replied the lawyer. "I don't mind telling you, Bert, that in my opinion you behaved abominably. But how should I know what has happened to Lucy?"

"But didn't you carry out my instructions?" asked Bert aghast.

"I couldn't, my dear chap. Lucy never got in touch with me. Your instructions presupposed that she would. But she didn't and I have done precisely nothing."

"But this is terrible, Dick. Poor Lucy's private income is almost nothing —certainly too small to live on. She isn't at our old house. By the way, what's happened there?"

(*Continued on page 71*)

NEWS!
a long-lasting Lipstick that does not dry lips!

Helena Rubinstein announces
WATERPROOF LIPSTICK

Creator of waterproof mascara discovers sensational non-drying waterproof ingredient for lipstick

NOW, Helena Rubinstein combines two revolutionary new discoveries in one amazing lipstick—WATERPROOF LIPSTICK—to make it both lustrous and marvellously *waterproof.*

Only new WATERPROOF LIPSTICK gives you:

1. Beneficial nutrisol that keeps lips healthy, soft, invitingly luminous, and never, never dries your lips.

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FOUR EXCITING NEW COLOURS: Wear-with-all Red, the reddest lips going—Wear-with-all Coral, exciting as flickering flame—Wear-with-all Pink, tempting as strawberry parfait—Wear-with-all Tan, divine with suntan.

THE CLEVEREST CASE! Waterproof Lipstick comes in the cleverest new case—it changes your refills without mess or bother. 12/6, Refill 7/6. Helena Rubinstein, London, Paris, New York.

You And Your Money

(*Continued from page 68*)

expenses wholly incurred in employment and set against tax.

In any matter concerning income tax relief, the advice of an accountant is always worth obtaining. In the case of the self-employed it is essential. In simpler cases—fixed salary earners, for example—the advice of one's bank manager may well be sought first.

I have already said that one of the outstanding values of life insurance is that part of its premiums are not chargeable to tax. But there is another form of insurance which could be a money saver—a sickness policy which will pay the wage earner £6 a week for six months and £3 a week for a second six months in case of absence from work because of illness.

Premiums vary according to health and age. For the average young or middle-aged man or woman they are about £10 a year.

Finally, the actual methods by which money can be put aside and invested. In general these are obvious: the growing of one's own vegetables, the doing of one's own painting and decorating jobs, home sewing, cooking and baking.

But there is another form of economy unknown to our grandmothers—that of heating. All types of heaters have to be studied in the knowledge that heat produced by gas is cheaper than that produced by electricity, that produced by coal cheaper than that produced by gas, and that produced by paraffin cheapest of all.

As a simple method of direct saving the buying of half-crown savings stamps from a collector who calls at the door each week is not to be despised.

In many ways, National Savings certificates are the best investment where savings are reckoned in hundreds rather than thousands.

Building society shares, and in particular those towards which a subscription can be paid each month, are another sound investment.

Then there is the unit trust method of investment. This enables you to have a stake in a wide range of carefully selected securities.

This form of putting money into the commercial life blood of Britain and the Commonwealth without the risks of Stock Exchange gambling is growing more popular every year. The man to discuss it with is your bank manager.

Bricks and mortar—through building societies—the state—through National Savings and life assurance are still the soundest choice for the small investor today.

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Tuesday the 27th

(*Continued from page 69*)

"A few weeks after you left, the electric light people and the water company got in touch with me. I paid the bills and arranged for the water, electricity and telephone to be cut off. There have been several offers for the house, but in the absence of instructions from you, I could do nothing."

"What do you suppose," asked Bert, "can have happened to Lucy?"

"Your guess is as good as mine, my dear chap."

"You know, Dick, I'm afraid my last letter to her must have shattered her. I wish now that I had kept a copy. Lucy, like all of us, has her pride, and I hope to God I didn't say too much."

"While we are on the subject, Bert," said the lawyer, "what *was* the trouble between you two? I never did understand what it was all about."

"There was no trouble, Dick. Never at any time. But for years Lucy bored me until, sometimes, I could have screamed. I tried, and I hope I succeeded, in keeping that knowledge from her.

"I had no desire to hurt her—needlessly. It was, simply, that on the day Carol was married and sailed for Canada, there was no longer any need for us to go on living together. We had done our duty and I—well, I wanted to *live*.

"Have you ever had to spend hundreds of evenings with a woman whose only pleasure is doing crossword puzzles? Well, you're lucky. I stood it as long as I could."

"That's your affair, Bert. Meanwhile, something has to be done about that house of yours.

"If you don't want to live there, let me sell it for you. I have half a dozen buyers. . . ."

Bert still had his latchkey, so that afternoon he again went down to Twickenham. In daylight No. 17, Lawn Crescent looked simply appalling. The air of neglect gave him a strange feeling of guilt.

The letterbox was filled, while an overflow had fallen on to the hall floor. Dust lay thickly everywhere.

In the kitchen, where he had left them, were the identical dirty dishes from the last breakfast he had eaten in the house. The thought struck him : Lucy would not have left them like that. It followed, if he were right, that Lucy had never returned. But that was absurd.

Bert went into the living-room where —in accordance with the best traditions of fiction—his letter to Lucy stood propped against the clock on the mantelshelf—unopened.

This could only mean one thing : Lucy was dead. Bert went to the telephone with the intention of calling the police. But the line was dead.

Bert riffled carelessly through the pile of letters he had taken from the letterbox. Most of them had long since lost any meaning.

One of the envelopes was addressed to him in Lucy's handwriting. It bore a postmark dated the same day that he himself had left the house. He opened it with trembling fingers. For a few moments the writing was blurred, as though his eyes was playing tricks. Then he read :

Dear Bert,

When the train took our darling Carol away from us yesterday, it broke the last link which bound me to you. Since she was born I have endured twenty years of insufferable boredom. Only your own vanity has prevented you from seeing this. Now I can stand no more.

It is not your fault that you have such a limited mind. I do not blame you, nor have I any hard feelings. I believe you have tried to be a good husband to me. But I am sure that life holds something more for me than taking refuge from your intellectual vacuum by spending the evenings working out crossword puzzles designed for children.

It is better that we should part without recriminations. I have left you, Bert, and I am not coming back. I make no financial demands of any kind on you. I have found an interesting job and in two days I shall be working at it. If you want a divorce, I will, of course, make it easy for you.

For myself, I do not want a divorce. One marriage has been plenty for me and I am not tempted to repeat the experiment. My decision is quite final, so I beg you not to try to find me. Mabel will know always where I am.

I hope you will be happy, Bert, as I hope to be happy.

LUCY.

As he slammed the front door and staggered out into the foggy dusk, Bert Simmonds failed utterly to understand the hot tears which blinded him. END

NEW FACTS ABOUT SKIN CARE

A survey in America showed that 83 per cent of women have normal skins, 14 per cent greasy and 2 per cent dry. For all skins except the tiny percentage of dry, the report recommends the frequent use of a mild superfatted toilet soap as being the most efficient and economical method of cleansing, toning and bracing the skin. It recommends that the lather be massaged well into the skin and then splashed off with cool water. It stresses that a lot of water must be used, so that no lather remains, as all the impurities from the pores are imprisoned in the lather after massage. It also stresses that the soap used must be mild, bland and superfatted. Cussons Cold Cream Beauty Soap, with lanoline, is absolutely perfect for this modern beauty routine as its lather is so creamy and fine, and the lanoline feeds and nourishes the skin as the cleansing is taking place. One tablet costs only 1/3d. and you can benefit the whole of your skin if you use it also in the bath.

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" The purpose of Tampax is to give women more comfort, convenience and freedom at the time of the month when they need sanitary protection. "

" Tampax was perfected by a doctor who used the principle of internal absorption long known to the medical profession. "

" Each Tampax is made of pure absorbent cotton — it is easily inserted by means of the "applicator" which is then thrown away. Your hands need not touch the Tampax. "

" Tampax is many, many times smaller than the external forms of protection. Furthermore it needs no belts, pins or other support. "

" There's no danger of odour with Tampax. And it cannot create bulges or ridges which might show through snugly-fitted suits or dresses. "

" Tampax cannot be felt while it is in place. And you need not remove it when you take a bath or go swimming. "

" Buy Tampax at chemists and drapers everywhere in two absorbencies; Regular and Super. A month's supply will go into your handbag. Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex. "

The Romantic East

(*Continued from page* 48)

For her mother has told her that where the temptations for men are so available and abundant, as they are in the East, it is a mistake to keep a lover waiting.

Silver edged invitation cards are sent to all the family and to all influential friends and acquaintances. In the middle of the morning, the guests start to arrive at the house of the bride's parents. There is jollity and feasting.

About noon a chapter of priests arrives, for Eastern marriages are held, not in the temple, but in the home. The priests, serene and sober, withdraw to a raised platform where the elders serve them with food.

The next flutter is caused by the arrival of the groom. He is smart and dashing in his blue uniform with silver buttons and epaulettes and highly polished boots. If he is a civilian, he wears native clothes in preference to morning dress, which is considered hot and unfashionable.

When the bride enters, she walks to her groom and takes his arm. Then facing the priests, they kneel side by side. The priests intone prayers for the happiness and fruitfulness of the union, while holy water is sprinkled on the hands of groom and bride by the relatives and chief guests.

Then a guest steps forward with the silver, silken cord that is the symbol of unity One end he circles around the head of the groom, the other around the head of the bride.

At this stage, following Western custom, the groom will usually give his wife a ring. Then they rise together, man and wife.

The Western honeymoon has now become an Eastern custom and soon the bride will change for her going away.

Eastern women believe, passionately, that a husband and wife alone are like a ship without ballast; that it is children which enable them to reach old age, still united and happy.

And they believe in courtesy between husband and wife, especially in public. For a husband to be discourteous to his wife in public, or for a wife to be more charming to another man than to her husband is a major sin.

The next point in the creed will not be generally admitted, far less agreed, in the West. Eastern women regard loyalty as more important than faithfulness. The one they say, is reasonable and obtainable; but the other may not be.

"Ah!" you will say. "How can a man be loyal if he is not faithful? Eastern women say this, too—to their husbands. But they do not quite believe it. Or put it this way. No Eastern girl would break up her marriage because of a whisper that her husband had been guilty of a single act of unfaithfulness.

She might seriously consider ending her marriage if, by his conduct, her husband had been disloyal to her in front of his friends. That would be unpardonable, and she might never forgive it.

Divorce is, from a legal standpoint, easier to obtain in the East than in the West. But it is much rarer in practice. Solemn and sustained consent by both parties is good cause for the courts to undo the marriage knot.

Because of forceful public opinion against divorce, it is seldom resorted to. Failing marriages among the young are mended rather than ended and, surprisingly, often turn out triumphantly.

I had wide experience of this in the courts. The judges invariably resorted to conciliation before proceeding with divorce suits.

In the last such case I conducted before returning to Britain, a young Indian couple, hopelessly estranged, it seemed, by the husband's conduct, were persuaded to try again for the sake of their son and daughter. Their differences were healed from that time.

What is behind the universal dislike of divorce in the East?

In the first place, this legal severance is regarded as the sign of failure. It is no good for the husband to complain his wife was a shrew or a flirt. The answer will be: "You were her husband. You should have controlled her."

Likewise, it would be pointless for a wife to complain her husband had a girl friend or drank too much. Back would come the answer: "A good wife can always oust a casual friend from the affection of her husband—and the husband's habits are the wife's responsibility."

Hard comment? Perhaps. But the knowledge that this is the attitude of friends and foes alike, makes young people in the East determined to win married happiness.

Eastern husbands have an intense dislike of critical tales carried by their wives to other women and, of course, other men.

An Englishman will try, perhaps, to convince himself it does not mean very much.

In the East a husband learning of similar disloyalty will return home immediately in what can only be described as black rage. "You," he will roar. "You dare to disparage me behind my back with your woman friend!" The marriage is shaken by the incident. The young wife vows never to yield again to the delightful temptations of the husband-inquest.

During a quarter of a century there, I could sit and talk with my Eastern friends in their own language, in their family circles. For me they put on no "act" to impress the foreigner. They were entirely natural.

Quite recently I returned to Bangkok and having a spare evening decided to call on a young couple whose marriage I had attended exactly five years before.

The girl, whose name was Rada—it means bridal wreath—had been very lovely, I recalled. Her husband was employed by one of the great British companies still flourishing in Thailand.

I stopped my car on the main road and walked to their house beside a paddy field. As I entered the garden, the light of the moon showed them standing together, hand in hand by a gardenia bush. They had not seen me. I stood in silence while the young man plucked a flower and gave it to his wife. She smiled and brought her hands together, palm to palm, in acknowledgment. Then she put the flower in her hair. I could see the petals shining like a white zircon.

Noticing me, they hurried forward in delighted surprise. I called: "No need to ask if you two are happy."

Rada smiled. "I am making him into a good husband," she said. "And he is making me into a good wife."

END

The Facts . . . of Marriage

In the East—Gerald Sparrow reports in this month's EVE—mothers teach their daughters about the practical side of marriage early in life. Little women of fifteen are ready to become good wives after a five-year course in domestic matters conducted by Mama.

Here, under a milder sun, fruits, flowers and girls ripen more slowly; marriage comes later. But the question still stands: *Should a girl be "trained" for marriage?*

Here is a question every mother—and every daughter—will argue about. I would like to know what training you think is necessary. Which comes first—cooking or interior decoration? Flower arranging, or furnishing? Dressing, or dancing?

Replies—on one piece of writing paper, please—must reach me by June 25. Writer of what I decide is the best "course" will be rewarded with a five-guinea bottle of Chanel perfume.

The Editor

Britannia and EVE, Ingram House, Strand, London, W.C.2

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She is (if you haven't met her before) the Lady Bridget Garnett—just one of the many beautiful users of Pond's Beauty products. Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream cost 5/6 each. In smaller sizes too, and in tubes.

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Repeat Performance

(*Continued from page 20*)

this weekend? We could stay at your old digs, Mrs. Temple still lets rooms to theatricals; you could make her promise not to tell anyone who you are."

"It would never work, Roger. I'm far too well known to get away with a thing like that."

"Why not? You never can tell till you've tried. Don't take anything glamorous—just a couple of dresses and a pair of slacks."

She thought for a moment. Then she said: "It might be fun. We could go to the theatre—and have our meals in that funny little café. I'll do it! I'll go away this weekend and have all the fun I want!"

"Good," he said, smiling at her. "Then that's settled."

☆ ☆ ☆

The following Friday evening he picked her up in his car. True to her word, she wore only a jumper and a pair of slacks and duffle coat; her hair was half-hidden by a stocking cap. Somehow she looked ten years younger, more like the youthful Sharon he had known all those years before. He found it rather pathetic.

When they arrived it was nearly dark. The lights along the promenade were reflected in the glassy water like Christmas decorations.

"Why, everything seems to be just the same. Just as quiet as it used to be," she said, staring about her like a child on holiday.

He drove through the side streets to 11 Andover Drive. It was a tall, rather severe Victorian house. Thick lace curtains hung at the windows, the minute garden smelled of soot and cats.

They ran up the steps laughing like a couple of children. Sharon giggled: "Do you remember the time you took me to that party and I lost my key and we had to wake up Mrs. Temple at half-past four in the morning?"

He had no time to answer before the door opened and a stout woman looked out. "Miss Sharon and Mr. Roger—how good to see you again after all these years!

"You are lucky, miss, you've got the same room you used to have when you were here before."

"Does the water tap still drip all night?"

"No, dear. I had that fixed years ago, and it's all been redecorated—you won't recognize it. Come on in and take off your things."

They entered the hall and Sharon sniffed with appreciation.

"Ummn, it still smells exactly the same—a mixture of paint, carbolic and food!" she said.

"You are a one, love," Mrs. Temple smiled at her. "You don't seem to have changed a bit. It seems only yesterday since you first arrived and you were so frightened when you had to go to the theatre to read your first part."

"I remember—a very small part in *Time and the Conways*. It doesn't seem so very long ago."

Sharon stared around her room. How small it seemed now.

"Have you anyone from the Rep. staying with you at present, Mrs. Temple?"

"Of course, dear." She put her hands on her hips in the attitude that Sharon remembered so well. "There's Mr. Sykes, juvenile lead he is, and Miss Barton, she's rather like you were at the same age. They're at the theatre at the moment and won't be back until the show finishes."

"What play are they doing this week?"

"*Time and the Conways*."

"I remember that very well, I played one of the daughters the first year I was here."

"And very good you were too. I always knew you would get on, you had it in you." Mrs. Temple leaned forward confidentially. "Are you and Mr. Maxwell still going out together, he used to be very keen on you if I remember rightly?"

Sharon laughed and coloured.

"No, Mrs. Temple, not any more. We're just good friends, that's all."

Mrs. Temple sighed. "I see," she said. "What a pity. I always thought what a nice couple you made—ah, well, you never can tell."

She went out and closed the door behind her.

Sharon flung herself on the bed, her brow furrowed. Oh, why, why did I come? she thought. You can't recapture the past, it's impossible.

She changed out of her slacks and dressed in a simple moiré dress that clung to her like a sheath. Then she went downstairs to join Roger.

"Let's go for a walk on the cliffs where you used to hear my lines," she said.

There was a faint mist blowing in from the sea and through it the street lamps gleamed as if shrouded by veils. Sharon inhaled deeply.

"Can you smell it?" she said. "That scent of sea and hope and—oh, I can't explain it."

"I know what you mean." He squeezed her arm affectionately.

"Roger," she asked softly. "Why did you make me come here, it has so many memories for both of us?"

"You have answered your own question, I think." His arms tightened about her. Impulsively she broke away and stood, hands deep in the pockets of her duffle coat, staring at him.

"Yes, I suppose I have," she said coolly. "I'm cold. Let's go back."

"Not yet, come to the café with me and have something to drink."

She shrugged her shoulders.

The little café was nearly empty. They took the table where they used to sit.

"How small it all seems," she said suddenly. "How small—and sordid. . . ."

"You used not to think that."

"I know." She smiled wryly. "There have been nights when it seemed to be enchanted. . . ."

"It always was for me when you were here."

"Still able to make pretty speeches? You used to excel at them. You don't seem to have changed so very much."

"I don't know," he said. "I can't make up my mind. When we first came I thought not, now I'm not so sure."

She lighted a cigarette then stubbed it out viciously.

"Do you mind if we go now? I feel rather like a ghost sitting here, someone who has been lost for a long time."

They let themselves into the house and went into the sitting-room.

Two young people were sitting in front of the gas fire. The girl was about eighteen, slim and elfin, with pale gold hair. The young man was dark with lean features.

He rose as Sharon entered. "You must be Miss Conway and Mr. Maxwell. This is Pat Barton and I am Peter Roberts."

"Did you ever play at Seahaven, Miss Conway?" the girl asked.

"I did a long time ago. I was at the theatre where you are now. I had my first part in *Time and the Conways*."

"Oh, we're playing that this week—I am Carol. We're producing the *Constant Nymph* next and I'm playing Tessa. It's my first big part and I'm so worried about it. Peter has been helping me learn my lines. He's awfully good, he works on the paper here."

Sharon felt slightly sick. It was a complete circle—this pale girl, so like herself at the same age, and the dark, intense young man who was so amazingly like Roger.

☆ ☆ ☆

The next evening they went to the theatre. It was exactly the same; the smell of paint and size, the straggling audience, the worn out gramophone records that played with scratchy needles during the interval. Only the play was alive and only the girl, Pat, was brilliant. When she had finished her part, Sharon turned to Roger and gripped his arm.

"Roger, that girl's good. I must do something to help her. I shall tell Heinamann to come down and see her next week. He'll come if I tell him, he knows my judgment's never wrong."

A sudden thought struck her. "Roger, don't you think she would be better as Natalie than I would? She's nearer the age."

"But you're only twenty-nine," he chuckled.

"I am not. I'm nearly forty and you know it. Roger, that girl must play the part."

"Are you quite sure that you're not overcome by being here again and that it won't all be forgotten when you return to town on Monday?"

"I can play other parts—parts more suited to my age. I'm sick of playing young girls."

He had never known her quite so vehement before. Sunday afternoon they went on to the cliffs again and he sat with his arms around her staring out over the sea. Suddenly she began to cry.

"I'm sick of it all," she said. "I'm sick of the life I'm leading, sick of the people I meet. I've made my mind up—I'm going to retire."

"Retire? But you're at the peak of your career, it's almost unthinkable."

"I don't care, I'm going to do it." She raised her chin and stared out over the sea. "I want something more in life than success that doesn't mean anything."

She turned to him quickly and took his face in her hands.

"Roger, I've made a fool of you all these years, I've kept you dangling and I've enjoyed it. You're quite at liberty to leave me now if you want to. But if you still want to marry me I'll do everything in my power to make you a good wife.

"I swear that. You said we could go back and recapture our youth. You can't—but you can see where life went wrong and if it isn't too late I want to begin again."

He kissed her. "It isn't too late. It's never too late," he said softly.

END

WALPAMUR QUALITY PAINTS, long the choice of the discriminating, are to be seen everywhere—in town and country, in mansion and cottage, in domestic and public buildings of all kinds. Walpamur Water Paint, the standard by which others are judged, enjoys an international reputation rapidly being attained by Duradio Enamel Paint in its own class. In the full range are paints, enamels and varnishes of the same superbly high standard for every conceivable need.

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BEAUTY TREAT YOUR HAIR . . . . DON'T STIFFEN IT!

Keep Cool Eating

(*Continued from page 26*)

5. TUNA LOAF

1 tin tuna fish — *1½ cups breadcrumbs*
1 beaten egg — *1 teacup hot milk*
1 hard-boiled egg — *1 tsp. vinegar*
A little margarine — *salt and pepper*

Grease an ovenproof mould and place the sliced hard-boiled egg in a pattern at the bottom of it. Flake the fish, and mix with the breadcrumbs. Add the hot milk, the seasoning, and finally the beaten egg and the vinegar. Stir well, and press firmly into the mould. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes. Turn out when cold and serve with salad. A crisp all green salad is best.

Your cooking spree is now over. All the other dishes for which I give recipes below are cooked as required, and, as I said before, none takes more than 15 minutes. Serve each with salad and sauté potatoes, prepared in 5 minutes from your pre-cooked potatoes.

MEAT OMELETTE

1 two-inch thick slice white bread — *½ pint milk*
3 eggs — *2 oz. margarine*
½ lb. corned beef — *seasoning (or 1 tbsp. chopped parsley)*

Take the crust off the bread, and soak it in the milk. Mash with a fork till creamy. Beat the eggs well, then add them to the bread pulp, together with the parsley and seasoning. Flake the corned beef and mix in, stirring well. Using a large frying pan, melt the margarine, and pour in the omelette mixture. Cook over a low flame for 5 minutes. Then cut into quarters and turn each quarter over so that the other sides cook for another 5 minutes. Serve very hot.

The two following recipes have learned something from the Chinese. They cook quickly because the meat is cut into thin strips in advance.

STEAK WITH GREEN PEPPER

¾ lb. chuck or topside of beef — *1 small onion*
1 or 2 green peppers — *1 clove garlic*
2 tbsp. olive oil — *½ cup stock (a beef cube will do for this)*
2 tsp. cornflour

Cut the meat across the grain into thin strips. Remove the seeds from the green peppers and do likewise; mince the onion and the garlic. Heat the oil in a shallow pan, add the beef and stir quickly over heat till it is browned all over. Add the vegetables and the half cup of stock. Add salt and pepper, and cover pan. Cook over moderate heat for 5 minutes. Mix the cornflour to a cream with a very little water, and add it. Cover the pan again, simmer for another 5 minutes and serve at once. This quantity serves three.

VEAL KIDNEYS BRUXELLOIS

2 large veal kidneys — *Juice of 1 lemon*
1 medium onion, minced — *1 tbsp. butter*
2 oz. margarine — *2 oz. mushrooms*

Remove the skin and membrane from the kidneys and cut into strips. Shred the mushrooms, including the stalks. Mince the onions. Melt the margarine in a pan, and stir the kidneys over a medium heat till they are brown all over. Add the minced onions, and cook for another 3 minutes, or until the onions are transparent. Add the mushrooms, stir quickly, then stir in the lemon juice, add pepper and salt, cover, and cook slowly for another 5 minutes. This quantity serves four.

HAM WITH RUNNER BEANS

1 thick slice ham per person — *1 lb. cooked runner beans or 1 packet frozen beans*
A little O.K. sauce

Put the cooked beans in the bottom of the grill pan. Brush a little sauce over the surface of the slices of ham, and arrange them on the greased rack of the grill. Grill quickly till the sauce bubbles slightly. Then turn the slices of ham, brush the other side with sauce, and grill again. The drippings from the ham add a special flavour to the beans.

And there you are. If that empty deck chair beckons you, you can accept its invitation with a clear conscience!

JEAN RICHARDSON'S BEAUTY-BOX

Bright hair matches the summer sunshine. Now is the time to try a fair streak or dappled curls—or transformation to a brand new shade! I found **Color-Glo,** by L'Oreal, exactly right for this, especially as it lasts through six or eight shampoos.

Of its six shades (each 4s. 6d. the bottle) Golden Chestnut, in particular, has an easy-to-wear brilliance that suits most heads. For a true blonde whose hair has faded or darkened, I like the effect of **Golden Shadeine** (3s. 11d. a bottle). It's permanent, too, so that once your hair is the colour you want, you need to dab the roots only with more Shadeine.

★ ★ ★

Still thinking of hair and its summer problems, I was delighted to find Richard Hudnut's **End Curl.** It's the answer to those limp, straggling ends or the perm that goes dead before it should. The 5s. 9d. package holds wave lotion and rinse eliminator for thirty curlers or two between-perm pick-ups.

★ ★ ★

Lastly, a coiffure-plus. Henry da Costa calls this speciality the **All-In-One.** It comprises a cut, shampoo and set; manicure; and cleanse-and-make-up facial—all for £1 9s. 6d. Mr. da Costa gives this service at 109 New Bond Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

Cleanliness, one of the worth-while virtues, is achieved much more pleasantly with the aid of a rich, bland soap. Cussons **Cold Cream Soap** contains lanoline and as well as cleansing, it has a creaming effect. Tablets are 1s. 3d. each.

★ ★ ★

Rose Laird's deep cleanser, **Liquid Lather** (5s. or 9s. per bottle), is not a soap—although it lathers on the skin in the same way. Work this milky cream well into your face and neck with fingers, sponge or complexion brush. The result: absolute cleanness without any of the taut dryness often left by soap.

★ ★ ★

Two new luxuries for the bath: **Crepe de Chine** bath oil (an 8s. 6d. tube holds enough for five baths), and Westbrook's **Skin Sheen** (6s. 4d. per bottle). Crepe de Chine has a delicious pervasive fragrance; Skin Sheen is a silky lotion to rub all over your body after bathing.

★ ★ ★

Final freshener; a stick deodorant, just arrived from the Continent, that is simplicity itself to use. It has the apropos name of *Credo*, and you really can trust it for complete, all-day protection. Price: 7s. 11d.

★ ★ ★

Putting a refill into a lipstick case can be a messy business. Thoughtfully, Yardley bring us **Double Event**, their lipstick (7s. 10d.) and interchange refill (4s. 10d.), that can be popped into the lipstick case without dirtying the fingers.

END

What *Is* Happening To Our Men?

(*Continued from page 7*)

The barber-shop quartet chorused: "Short back and sides." Said one in a Knightsbridge store: "We just don't do fancy styles.

"At the moment the well-groomed man wears his hair a shade longer at the temples than it used to be—but no longer at the back. His hair is cut so that it doesn't look newly cut. And he has it lightly trimmed every ten days."

This rather shocked dismissal of "anything fancy" was echoed by Mr. Tremble, manager of one of the West End's foremost tailoring firms—so high-class they are *not* in Savile Row.

"As soon as all that fancy palaver was taken up by Charing Cross Road, we had to drop it," he said. "We have to veer away from the commonplace all the time. Now that postmen are having two vents in their uniform jackets we'll even have to drop those.

"Mind you, some of the style points were attractive—the velvet collars and slightly narrower trousers—but as far as our clients were concerned, they were outmoded as soon as they were taken up by the chain stores and ready-made market."

So a man who is still going in for the "fancy palaver" is really behind the times after all. Perhaps that will stop him. Meanwhile, what should the well-dressed man be wearing?

Said Mr. Tremble: "Jackets are just a little longer, lapels a little narrower. The centre vent is popular and so is the single-breasted coat.

"One innovation this year is the grey dinner jacket. And there's a slightly different shoulder-line—one of our own style points."

What does a really good tailor do about a man who asks for some of the frills and fancies? Said Mr. Tremble diplomatically: "We have to tame some of the younger men's ideas. After all, one would not go to buy a Rolls and ask for a different chassis, would one?"

I agree. A good suit is a good suit. So it beats me why a man should want to load it up like a Christmas tree just to be different.

But I wonder if the people who think like me are really winning?

For there are now ranges of toilet preparations devoted exclusively to the masculine market. A man need not stop at dressing to kill.

He can now crowd his bathroom shelves with his personal preference in hair tonic and brilliantine, after-shave lotion, soap, talcum and even fragrant Cologne. (The perfumed preparations, with their virile titles that smack of the great outdoors, are usually labelled tactfully "For Men Only"!)

Next time a small boy you know needs a hair cut, offer to escort him—preferably to one of the barber's-pole-type of shops. I guarantee an eye-opening sixty-minute wait while the strong men of the neighbourhood have their cheeks steamed, massaged and masked. The tougher they are, the more extensive the facial.

Will it be earrings and buckled shoes next? Heaven forbid. But if that day ever comes, I reckon women's only chance to hold our own will be to don grey shifts and wimples.

END

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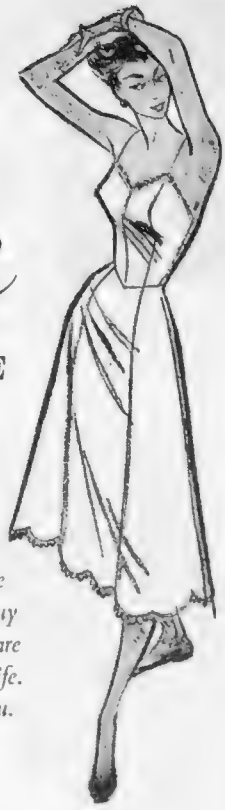

Be kind to yourself. Give yourself Supalese tailored slips, vests, panties, etc. in pure silk or finest rayon. These good things are the wisest buy of all because they last and are lovely to wear all their long life. The best stores will show you.

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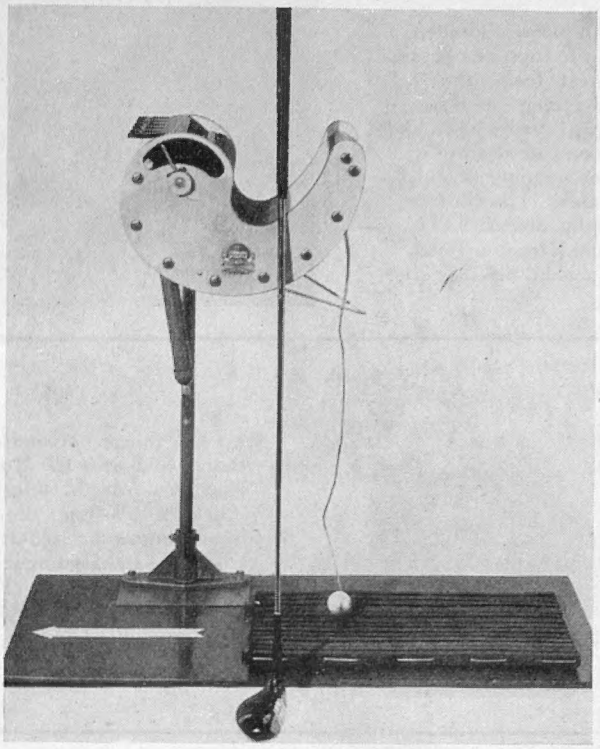
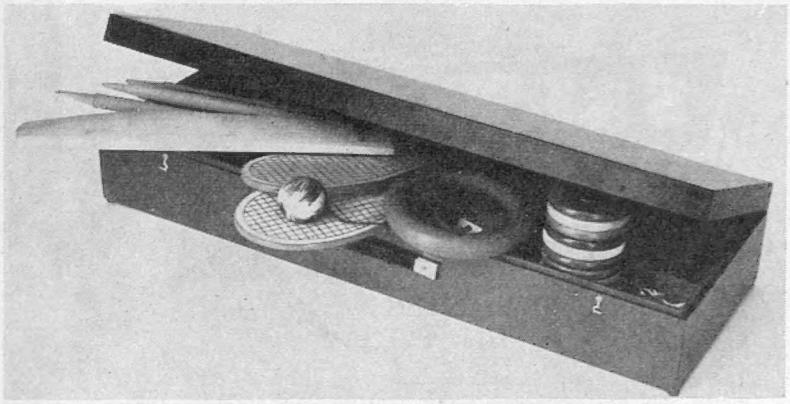
FUN IN THE SUN

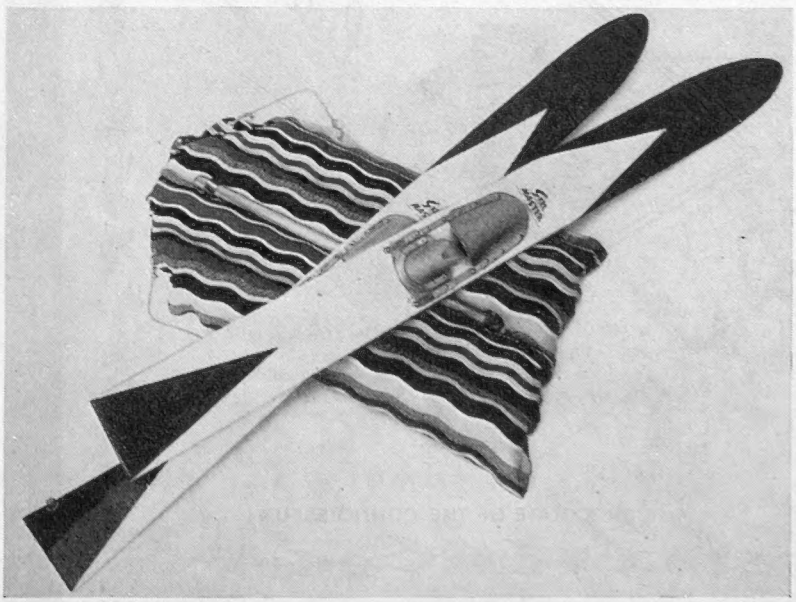
EVE guide to *new* summer games





WHERE TO BUY

No. 1 **golf wood** by Nicolls of Leven, £4 7s. 6d.; Fairway **Home Golfer,** £15 15s., Simpson, Piccadilly. **Compendium of games,** £5 15s., Harrods, Dolphin **underwater suit,** £6 6s., Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, London. With this, Florida **web-mits** 10s. 9d. a pair from Gamages, Holborn, London, E.C.1. **Floating knife,** £1 14s.; **harpoon gun** from £13 7s., both Gordon Lowe Sports, 21 Brompton Arcade, London. Lilo **raft** £2 17s. 9d., Hamleys, Regent Street, London. Universal **water skis** £10 10s., Lillywhites. Sportsman's safety **sailing jacket**, £8 8s.. He is holding a Milbro **glass fishing rod** £6 19s. 9d. with bag; Bantam all-metal **reel,** £3 4s. 6d. All from Gordon Lowe Sports. The little girl wears a St. Trinian design **dress,** by Renda, £3 10s., Selfridges, London, and Brends, Belfast. **Hup game,** 9s. 6d. from Hamleys.



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Lindt

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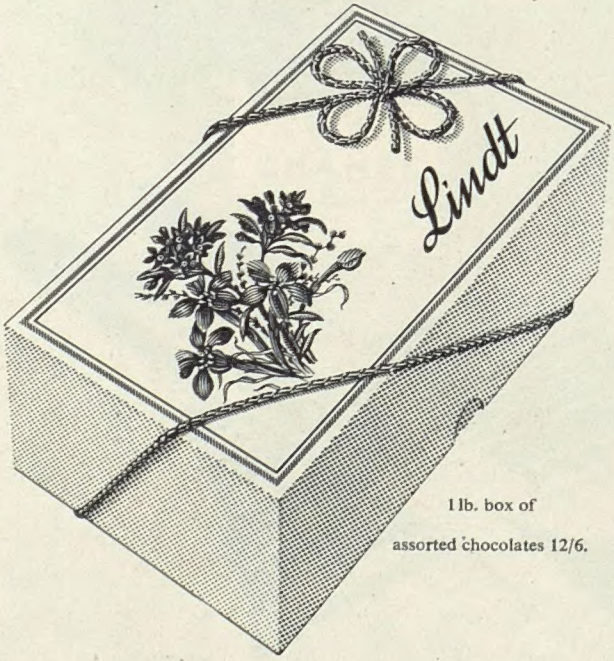

1 lb. box of assorted chocolates 12/6.

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